The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The book by Captain Dreyfus, the appearance of which we were the first to announce, is to be published in this country by George Newnes Ltd. A short article on the subject will appear in the May number of the *Strand Magazine.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is expected to return from the Cape about the end of the month, or some time during the first week in May. He and his family have been much benefited by their change and rest in South Africa, where they have been the guests of Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The novel upon which Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") has now been engaged for a number of years is to be entitled "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," and, as at present arranged, it will be published in the early autumn, in this country, by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has returned from his recent journey to Russia, where, we understand, he went with a view to getting some of the local colour for the new novel on which he is now working.

Mr. Robert Barr is at present enjoying a well-earned holiday in Capri. We hear that Mr. Barr's new novel, which deals largely with the government of the City of New York, will be published during the forthcoming autumn season by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

We have received a very circumstantial story about Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Recessional," which it may be as well to contradict. The story is that Mr. Kipling, after being occupied in his study for a day, told his wife that he had been able to accomplish nothing, and went out for a cycle ride. Mrs. Kipling examined his waste-paper basket, and found a number of verses on separate slips. She selected the best, and sent them to the *Times*, where they appeared under the title "Recessional" next day. A cheque for £50 followed. The truth of the matter is this: Mr. Kipling wrote the verses, and was not sure that they were worth publishing. He was induced, however, by the strongly expressed judgment of near relatives, to send them to the *Times*, and he accepted no payment whatever. We are not sure even that he secured the copyright.

We greatly regret to hear that Dr. S. R. Gardiner is lying very ill at Folkestone.

Mr. Savage Landor's "The Chinese Campaign," upon which he is now actively at work, will contain the only account of the Chinese War and its history in which nothing will be concealed or palliated. Mr. Landor was one of the few unofficial persons permitted to accompany the European officers in their entry into the Forbidden City, and he is perhaps the only eye-witness at liberty to report the whole of what he saw. He rode into the Imperial City with the international forces, through the courtesy of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, and Mr. Landor's knowledge of the Russian, Chinese, and Japanese languages proved of the greatest value in enabling him to obtain information at first hand. The attractiveness of the book will be further enhanced by a selection from nearly a thousand photographs of the war and the country taken by the author. It is interesting to mention that Mr. Landor has been paid the unique compliment of having his former book, "In the Forbidden Land," published in the Lettic language—the tongue of one of the Baltic provinces of Russia.

Dr. Garnett's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Constance Garnett, has just completed, after some years' very careful work, a translation direct from the Russian of Tolstoy's "Anna Karénina." We are not sure whether any English translation has yet been made of this classic direct from the Russian. Mrs. Garnett's skill in the language is well known, and greatly appreciated in Russia.

Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller, whose book, "Alfred Milner and His Work," will shortly be published by Mr. William Heinemann, should be peculiarly suited to undertake such a difficult task. He was a friend of Sir Alfred's before they both went to Oxford, and, curiously enough, their names stand next to one another (in alphabetical order) in the First Class in Classical "Greats" in December, 1876. By another

curious coincidence, the subject of the book and the author were successively, though at some interval, assistant editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Iwan-Müller can write with authority on the subject of inner South African politics, as he acted as "Special Commissioner" in Cape Town for the *Daily Telegraph* from July to December, 1900. The book will be divided into three parts, dealing with Sir Alfred's early career till his appointment as High Commissioner, together with a concise review of South African history till 1870. From that point the story will be continued minutely in chapters, entitled Sir Bartle Frere, Mr. Rhodes, The Raid, The Problem and its Solution. The last will cover the whole period of Sir Alfred Milner's Administration up to his transfer to Pretoria.

DR. JOHN WATSON'S (IAN MACLAREN'S) NEW HOUSE, 17, CROXTETH ROAD, LIVERPOOL.
(From a Photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool.)*

"South Africa, Past and Present," shortly to be published by Smith, Elder and Co., is likely to be one of the most important books which the war has yet inspired. Much of this entertaining volume deals with South Africa in the early days of the century. It should be found vastly instructive reading.

Maarten Maartens' new novel, running through the *Cosmopolitan* in America, is very highly spoken of by those who have read it. It is pronounced quite the best thing he has done for some years.

"Forest Folk," a novel in the Hardy vein, written by Mr. James Kirk, should be one of Mr. Heinemann's successes this spring. It deals with life in Sherwood Forest a hundred years ago, and is likely to be considered a very beautiful book.

We hear that pressure of business in New York will, this year, prevent Mr. Frank H. Dodd, the senior partner of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., the well-known firm of publishers, from making his usual visit to this country. In his place, however, his son, Mr. Edward H. Dodd, has arrived.

We should not be surprised if Mr. A. W. Marchmont's new novel, "In the Name of a Woman," proves to be in America one of those lucky novels which, as the Americans put it, "reaches the 100,000 mark." Although the book has only just been published, and Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. found it necessary to print 10,000 copies before publication, they are already printing a second edition of another 5,000 copies.

Mr. Gelett Burgess is about to publish, through Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, an "Edition Definitif" in one volume of all his humorous work.

Mrs. Everard Cotes ("Sara Jeannette Duncan") will publish, through Messrs. Methuen and Co., early in May, a volume composed of the papers which she has recently been contributing to *The Queen* under the general title of "Turned Out." The book will, however, be named "On the Other Side of the Latch."

Mr. Daniel Frohman is, we hear, about to produce a dramatised version of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's novel, "A Double Thread."

Mr. Ronald MacDonald has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, to which he has given the title, "God Save the King."

Mr. Julian Ralph is paying a flying visit, partly on business, to America, but is not expected to be away more than three or four weeks altogether.

Mr. William Le Queux has just completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "The Under-Secretary." It will in the first instance be published serially in Messrs. Tillotson and Son's Syndicate of newspapers, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

The serial story by Mr. Baring-Gould, at present running in *Madame*, will be published in book form in the autumn by Messrs. Methuen and Co. As a book the story will be called "Royal Georgie," the title "Georgie" having already been used.

Mr. Shuckburgh, whose recent translation of Cicero's Letters was so successful, is about to publish through Mr. Fisher Unwin a work entitled "Augustus," Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). In this study of the Founder of the Roman Empire, the writer has endeavoured to arrive at an impartial estimate of the character and aims of Augustus, and of the problem

with which he had to deal in the Roman world as he found it.

Mr. W. S. Lilly's new book, "Renaissance Types," contains the following chapters:—The Genesis of the Renaissance; Erasmus—the Man of Letters; Luther — the Revolutionist; More — the Saint; Reuchlin—the Savant; Michael Angelo—the Artist; The Issue of the Renaissance.

Mr. Heinemann announces for early publication a new novel, entitled "Jack Raymond," by the author of "The Gadfly," since the appearance of which, in 1897, no other book has been published from the same pen.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, in "A Vanished Arcadia," to be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann, gives a history of the work done by the Society of Jesus in South America, and more particularly in Paraguay. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's long residence on the River Plate—together with two visits to Paraguay, during one of which he met with interesting traces of the Paraguay Mission, and also of other missions situated in the Province of Corrientes, and in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul—has given him valuable knowledge of the subject. He deals with the aims and policy of the Company of Jesus in regard to savage nations, and shows the building up and final development of their efforts up to the time of their expulsion at the close of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will henceforth publish in England the *Revue de Paris*. This magazine was founded by the late M. Darmesteter, and his widow, *née* A. Mary F. Robinson, who was recently married to M. Duclaux, the chief of the Pasteur Institute, continues her interest in it. The present editors of the *Revue* are M. Savisse and M. Ganderax.

Mr. Heinemann has just published a novel entitled "Tangled Trinities," by D. Woodroffe, the author of "Her Celestial Husband." The authoress lives in Wales. The motive of the book is the presentation of the heroine and her father, a clergyman, who are transplanted from the West Indies, and consequently of somewhat doubtful race or nationality, into a starchy English country district. They are very poor, and the author uses the treatment they receive at the hands of the County families as a strong satire on such society. The book is published simultaneously in New York by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish a book entitled "The Colloquies of Criticism." The chapters appeared originally in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The title of the first is "A well-dressed traveller with a somewhat irradiated expression is attended by a guard and porter at Waterloo Bridge Station." The author says that his articles represent reflections which have from time to time suggested themselves to one who has regarded literature from a reader's point of view rather than a writer's, and has been accustomed to think of it in connection with interests and problems external to itself, and also of prior importance—problems arising out of the practical movement of affairs and the changing conditions of society and social intercourse.

We have pleasure in giving this month a portrait of Mrs. A. F. Slade, whose remarkable first novel, "A Wayside Weed," we reviewed last month. "A Wayside Weed" was written some seven years ago, but no attempts were made by the author to have it published, as she felt that it was almost hopeless to obtain a hearing for such a purely domestic story in these days of feverish literature. "Yet," says Mrs. Slade, "I honestly believed in its being worthy a hearing, and 'If it is not,' I said, 'then I will write no more.' In company with one far greater than I, I may say with absolute truth: 'I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, that I have done and suffered it all myself.'" The story was lately rescued by a friend, and sent to Messrs. Hutchinson, who immediately accepted it for publication. All who have read the book will, we are sure, admit that it was worth writing, and certainly worthy of a hearing.

MRS. A. F. SLADE.
From Photo by H. G. Chase, Southsea.

In reply to a request for something of interest concerning herself, Mrs. Slade modestly writes, "I am simply the busy mother of a family, an ordinary, all-round sort of person, as genuinely interested in serving up a good dinner as I am in trying a bit of new music, singing a new song, or reading one of the few books which appeal to my old-fashioned taste. I am painfully shy, and my dread of a stranger is something I never expect any outside person to understand.

"I have written stories as long as I can remember, have received enough encouragement to save me from the reproach of wasted time, and enough discouragement to make me wish I had been born with any desire but the unconquerable desire to write."

Mr. Max Pemberton's new play, founded on "The Daughter of the Huguenot," is to be produced by Mr. Dan Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre in September next. The dramatic version of Mr. Pemberton's "Kronstadt," made by Addison Bright, has been accepted by Mr. Charles Frohman for production next season. The Earl of Kilmorey, who is now at Bath, is dramatising "The Footsteps of a Throne."

XUM

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1901.

The approach of the spring season has made itself felt during the past week or two by a customary quickening in the output from the various publishing houses, but up to the present it cannot be said that this has been met by any correspondingly increased demand on the part of the public; however, it may safely be said that, taking the month as a whole, a very fair amount of trade has been transacted, and a decided improvement has taken place in comparison with the like period of last year.

The demand for general literature, such as biography, theology, and works of a technical nature, has been at times exceedingly limited; but the 6s. novel has come to the rescue and become the saving clause, by maintaining a steady and continuous sale. Our most popular novelists have not been much in evidence with fresh issues, but among the most noticeable of the month's output may be mentioned "The Frobishers," by S. Baring Gould; "Good Souls in Cider-Land," by Walter Raymond; "The Column," by Charles Marriott; "The Church of Humanity," by D. C. Murray; "A Woman of Yesterday," by Caroline A. Mason; and "This Body of Death," by Adeline Sergeant.

"The Master Sinner" has continued to be much in favour; and Guy Boothby's "My Indian Queen" has sold freely.

An appreciable demand for several of the more popular Continental Guide-Books has been experienced. Probably the most successful in this class have been the volumes on Rome and Florence in the Mediæval Towns Series, and two well-illustrated volumes on Town and Country Life in France and Germany respectively.

A few years ago the sales in Lenten devotional literature were very extensive, and formed an item to be reckoned with at this time of the year, but during the present season the demand has been quite insignificant.

A selection of the cartoons by our late famous *Punch* artist, Sir John Tenniel, has been much sought after, and bids fair to become one of the most popular of Mr. Punch's many and varied issues.

Various memoirs of Queen Victoria have still enjoyed a somewhat limited sale. This cannot, however, be said of that now being issued in parts, and written by the Duke of Argyle, for it is selling by the thousand.

"A Common-Sense Army," by the author of that still popular work, "An Absent-Minded War," has just appeared, and coming at a time when so much thought is centred on military matters, it has circulated widely and attracted much attention.

Sixpenny reprints have increased in sale during the month. Many of those mentioned in previous reports have still kept up their popularity, and amongst the most successful of the new issues may be mentioned "Children of the Ghetto," "Phra the Phœnician," "Adventures of Captain Kettle," "Cuckoo in the Nest," and "A Flirtation with Truth."

The following is a list of books which have been most in demand during the month:—

The Master Sinner. By a Well-known Author. 3s. 6d. (J. Long.)
According to Plato. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Richard Yea and Nay. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Frobishers. By S. Baring Gould. 6s. (Methuen.)
Little Grey Sheep. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Visits of Elizabeth. By Eleanor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steele. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sin of Jasper Standish. By Rita. 6s. (Constable.)
Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Sacred Fount. By Henry James. 6s. (Methuen.)
Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Another Englishwoman's Love Letters. By Barry Pain. 2s., sewed 1s. (Unwin.)
German Life in Town and Country. By W. H. Dawson. 3s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)
French Life in Town and Country. By Hannah Lynch. 3s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)
The Story of Rome. By Norwood Young. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
The Story of Florence. By E. G. Gardner. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
Drifting. 2s. 6d. (Richards.)
My Indian Queen. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Enquire Within. 2s. 6d. (Houlston.)
Boxing. By W. E. Johnstone. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
How we Kept the Flag Flying. By D. Macdonald. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
How to Make and How to Mend. 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
Cartoons by Sir John Tenniel, selected from *Punch*. 5s. and 2s. 6d. net. (Office.)
And various sixpenny reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Feb. 23—Very quiet in all departments.
Mar. 2—A steady amount of business, rather brisker in Export.
,, 9—Colonial trade better, a fair week in the Home Trade.
,, 16—A slight increase in Home departments. Colonial and Foreign rather quiet.

(2) SCOTLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1901.

The most prominent feature of the trade during the month was the activity shown by the leading publishers in issuing lists of forthcoming works. Long announcements of sixpenny re-issues of popular works were very general on all hands, and orders were readily given by the trade. Anticipations of a brisk spring and summer business were very general, although trade for the present continues unusually quiet.

The demand for Victorian literature almost ceased, the only books maintaining interest being Corelli's "Passing of the Great Queen," Mrs. Oliphant's "Queen Victoria," and Henty's "Life and Times of Victoria."

A considerable number of 6s. novels had a fair amount of success, although no work reached what might be termed popularity. The following were the fortunates:—"Blue Diamond," by Mrs. Meade; "Babs the Impossible," by S. Grand; "According to Plato," by F. F. Moore; "A Sack of Shakings," by F. T. Bullen; "Visits of Elizabeth," by E. Glyn; "The Survivor," by E. P. Oppenheim; "Midnight Passenger," by R. H. Savage; "The Sin of Jasper Standish," by Rita.

A few good-selling books were issued at 3s. 6d., such as "The Master Sinner"; "A State Secret," by B. M. Croker; "Lest We Forget," by J. Hocking; and "Street Dust," by Ouida; and at 5s., Guy Boothby's "My Indian Queen" (as is usual with all his books) had a brisk sale.

Dr. George Adam Smith's "Modern Criticism and the Old Testament" maintained its position as the best contri-

bution to recent religious literature; and the publishing of an abridged issue of Rowntree and Sherwell's book gained increased popularity for that well-known work on the temperance problem.

A work of more than local interest, and having a considerable sale, was Dr. Macmillan's "Highland Tay," with its charming illustrations by A. S. Rankin.

Magazines and illustrated weekly periodicals were much affected, and had reduced sales; but there was a continued demand for serial publications, such as "V.R.I." and "After Pretoria."

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Six Shilling Novels:—

Blue Diamond. By Mrs. Meade. (Chatto.)
Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
According to Plato. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson).
Golden Wang Ho. By F. Hume. (Long.)
Quality Corner. By C. L. Antrobus. (Chatto.)
Narrow Way. By M. Findlater. (Methuen.)
The Survivor. By E. P. Oppenheim. (Ward and Lock.)
Midnight Passenger. By R. H. Savage. (White.)
Sin of Jasper Standish. By Rita. (Constable.)
Honeymoon in Space. By G. Griffith. (Pearson.)

Miscellaneous:—

Dr. G. Adam Smith's Modern Criticism. 6s. (Hodder.)
Dr. Macmillan's Highland Tay. 15s. net. (Virtue.)
Temperance Problem. Abridged edition. 6d. net. (Hodder.)
The Master Sinner. By a Well-known Author. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
My Indian Queen. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
Street Dust. By Ouida. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Daddy's Girl. By Mrs. Meade. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Passing of the Great Queen. By M. Corelli. 1s. (Methuen.)

NEW WRITERS.

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT, AUTHOR OF "THE COLUMN."

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT, whose remarkable first novel, "The Column," is reviewed on another page, holds the position of dispenser and photographer to an asylum near Liverpool. He was born in Bristol in 1869, but his earliest recollections are of Moor End, where his father, a brewer, removed from Bristol when he was about two years old. Mr. Marriott's family is descended from the Flemish refugees who came to Essex in the sixteenth century, a family which claims, by the way, to have introduced blankets into England.

Mr. Marriott was a very bookish child, but beyond occasional poetry, did not attempt original composition at an early age. Like many other boys, he wanted to go to sea, and when he left school, at the age of fifteen, this step was seriously considered. A preliminary voyage "to see how he liked it" was arranged, when at the last moment it was discovered that he was so short-sighted that, as his prospective skipper remarked, he would "do battle, murder, and sudden death every time he took his ship into port."

From an early age Mr. Marriott had shown considerable talent for drawing. For a time he studied at South Kensington, but he now recognises that he does not possess the essential qualities of a painter. When the question of making a living had to be considered, photography seemed a likely field where his artistic training might be made use of, so Mr. Marriott was apprenticed to a photographer in Bedford. His health breaking down, he was compelled to go home, and for eighteen months or so did little or no work. It was at this time, when he was nearly nineteen years old, that he first began to write. His early attempt was particularly ambitious, nothing more nor less than a prose translation of Dante's "Comedia." He had enough Italian to make a fairly accurate rendering, and, as he himself says, "I may claim at least perseverance, since I completed the 'Inferno' and 'Purgatorio.' The work was never offered to a publisher, and was of no value owing to my ignorance of the historical, political, and other associations of the poem."

At this time he kept and illustrated a most elaborate diary, in which he made minute analyses of his acquaintances. On becoming stronger, he again took up photography and worked at Clifton and Truro. "I lived," writes Mr. Marriott, "for six months in Cornwall, and have been the slave of the place ever since."

At the end of 1889 Mr. Marriott answered an advertisement in a photographic paper for a dispenser and photographer at the County Asylum at Rainhill. He obtained the berth after passing the examination for a dispenser at the Apothecary Society. It was at Rainhill that Mr. Marriott first tried his hand at short stories. His earliest attempt was a weird performance, in which the narrator died half way through, but continued his tale after death. With great confidence he sent this to *Blackwood*. It was not accepted. In 1894 two short stories from Mr. Marriott's pen were published in the *National Observer*, but although he continued writing steadily, very little was offered for publication during the next two years. In 1897 a story called "Roast Apples" appeared in the *New Review*, and it was this that encouraged Mr. Marriott to think of a novel. He began "The Column" nearly three years ago. His occupation at the Asylum only leaves his evenings free, so that he is compelled to work very slowly. His method, too, is naturally slow, and he revises a great deal.

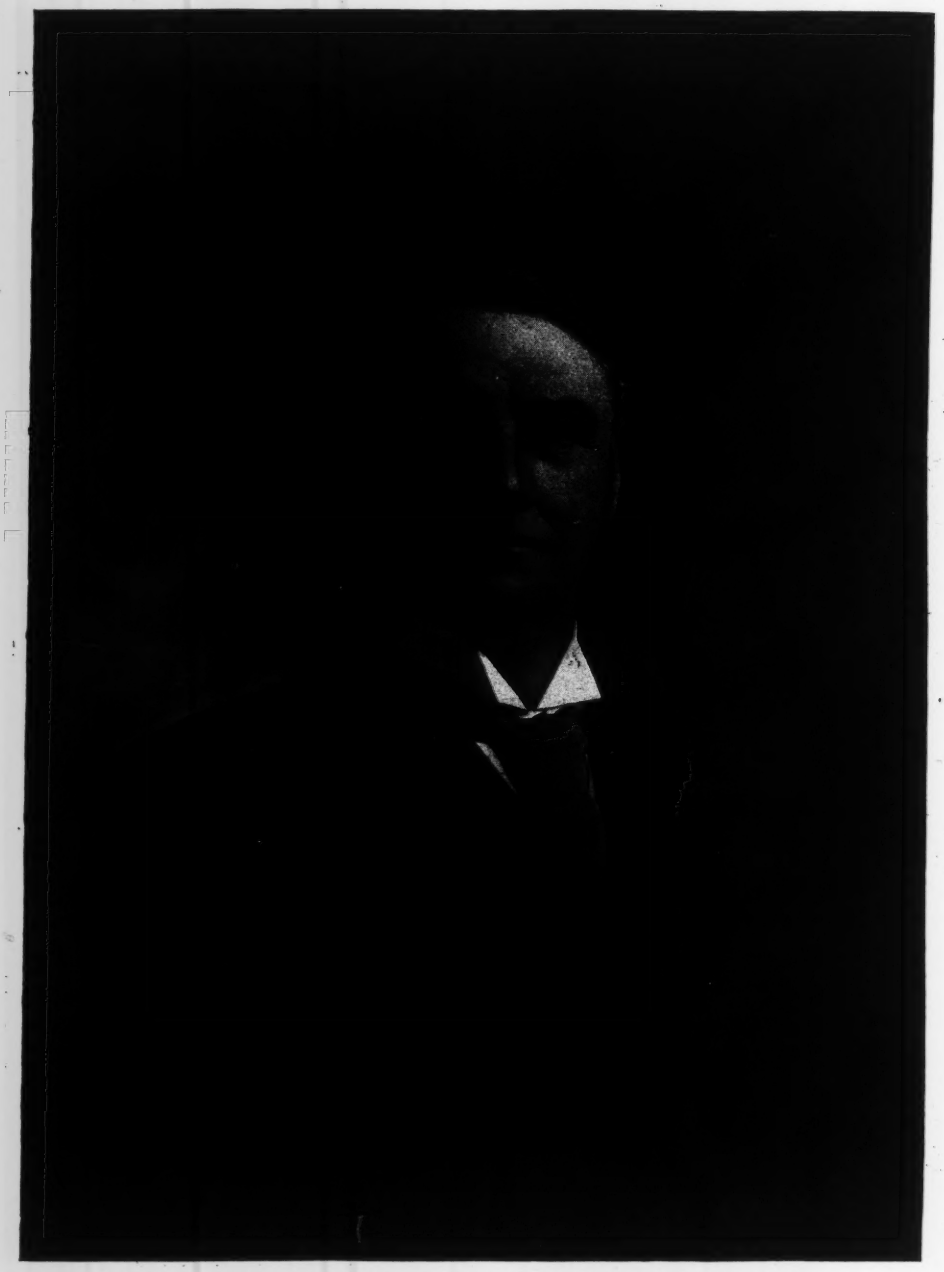
MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT.
From Photo by Barraud, Liverpool.

Mr. Marriott is at work on a new novel, and has two or three short stories in hand, which will see the light in the near future.

The Reader.

IAN MACLAREN.

TO many the name of Ian Maclaren is much more familiar than that of the Rev. John Watson, and there are still some who have not identified the writer and the preacher. But if we would appreciate to the full the stories of Scottish character in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," it is important to remember that these books are written by one who has devoted his life to the cure of souls. For their most distinctive note is their acceptance of religious experience as an outstanding feature in the life of the Scotch peasant.



ONE OF THE MOST RECENT AND MOST LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS OF IAN MACLAREN
(THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A., D.D.).
(From a photograph taken in Los Angeles during Dr. Watson's recent American tour.)

It is noticeable that the pioneers in the literature which may be grouped together under the general title of the idylls of the poor have all been in close sympathy with Christianity. Cowper and Crabbe, the creators of a new poetry of man at the beginning of the last century, and the first poets in modern England to portray the actual experiences of the poor, were both religious men, and the former, at least, intensely so. And those writers who, during the last fifteen years, have made us guests in humble Scottish homes have all recognised, more or less clearly, the genuineness and motive power of religious conviction. It is indeed natural that the followers of Him

IAN MACLAREN.

Block ... Cranju...
Print...
...s Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill S.W
...rd Press, Chiswick, W.

Whom "the common people heard gladly" should most readily pierce beneath the crust of bare and uncouth life to the underlying romance and pathos. But with Ian Maclaren this recognition of the instinct for the Eternal is unusually prominent, and there are few chapters in which the relation of lowly life to the unseen is not set forcibly before us.

He is the master-interpreter of the religion of unlettered folk in its strange mingling of harshness and gentleness, dulness and beauty, obtuseness and insight. In many a Scotch village, the kirkyard is still the chief centre for the collection and distribution of news; the place it occupies in his volumes is even more significant. The kirk, the minister, and the sermon are as characteristic of the Glen as the heather hills, the swaying birch, and the mountain stream. It was a bold venture to write a book which purposed to be popular, and yet was doubly handicapped; it dealt only with the poor and struggling, and was unaffectedly interested in a form of religion regarded by many as conventional, bare, and rigid. It was a bold venture, and its success marks the completeness of the achievement.

IAN MACLAREN AS A YOUNG MAN.
(From a photograph taken when Dr. Watson was a student at Edinburgh University.)

IAN MACLAREN AS A BOY.

Dr. Watson is a pure Scot, although he was born in Manningtree, Essex (1853), where his father, who was engaged in the Excise and reached a very high position in that service, was stationed at that time. Shortly after his birth, the family removed to London, but the formative years of his childhood were spent first at Perth and then at Stirling.

IAN MACLAREN AS A GERMAN STUDENT.

Dr. Watson was for some time a student at the University of Tübingen, where he was a pupil of the famous Beck.

The explanation is not far to seek. The religious experience with which he deals is living and human. He is neither dogmatist nor ecclesiastic, but as simple and sincere a student of human nature as any realist. No attempt is made to soften the angularities of the people he describes or to trick the reader. Drumsheugh can rise to heights of generosity, and is an elder of the kirk; but we know his over-keenness for a bargain, and he did not shed his "slough of sordidness" till late in life. Posty was the second lay-theologian in the Glen, but it is not suggested that his theology made him a better man. Dr. Davidson shines out in rare moments, full of sympathy, and even, on occasion, of great spiritual discernment; but we are told he was pompous, and by implication he was idle, for the same sermon served for many harvests. Dr. MacLure is a heroic figure, and carried to the end the heart of a child; but it is plainly hinted that his language would not always bear reporting.

And while the canvas is narrow, the background is always the great world. Here and there comes a plain hint that this rugged church life is only a part of a larger whole, as when we read, "Lachlan Campbell, the St. Dominic of the Glen," and again, "Donald Menzies, our St. Francis." And if for a moment we are wearied with the discussion of the sermon or the all-pervading ministerial presence, a sudden shaft of humour brings author and reader into sympathy over the mingling of the ludicrous and the sublime. Ian Maclaren has escaped to an amazing extent ministerial limitations. He understands the heart of the old Covenanter as Sir Walter Scott never did, in one point rivalling the great novelist, but nevertheless knows how things look to the man of the world, and is perfectly aware that the man of the world's point of view is sometimes the sanest.

IAN MACLAREN AS A MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH AT LOGIE-ALMOND, IN PERTHSHIRE, NOW SO FAMOUS AS DRUMTOCHTY.

Those who know Ian Maclaren personally are always struck by this unusual combination. It does not seem *bizarre* to him to give a humorous after-dinner speech one day at a literary club, to preside at an ecclesiastical court the next, and the day following to take part in the most solemn service of the church. He plays each part to perfection, just because it is not a part. Yet many who at a religious service see him full of tenderness and pathos do not expect to meet in him a shrewd and practised reader of men. A characteristic story recurs to my memory. A

young man who had heard Dr. Watson give an address full of generous sympathy for the temptations of youth called next day, though quite unknown, to have a little of so much goodwill turned to his practical benefit in the form of a testimonial. "A testimonial?" asked the Doctor genially. "Oh, certainly. Take a seat, Mr. ——." "Let me see," beginning to write, "I have known Mr. —— for *how many minutes?*" It is this power of criticising where he strongly sympathises, of discovering the humour in the crevices of solemn observances, which has served him in such good stead.

This is the chief charm of his little volume, "Church Folks." With felicity and wholesome humour he sketches for us some of the prominent types of modern religious life. What he did for the Kirk in the Glen, he now does for a present-day congregation of another sort. The foibles of modern religionists, the schemes of the sentimentalists and mutineers are laid bare with a delicate touch; the virtues and beauties of church-going people, often hid by the thin but disfiguring veil of conventionalism, are discovered to us. It is in this little book, not more than a collection of occasional papers, but mellow with practical wisdom, that he seems to set up a humorous plea for a Society for the Protection of Clergymen. Ian Maclaren, though a caustic critic, is a consistent helper of his brethren of the cloth.

But it is not without effort that he has escaped the brilliance which is bitter, and has given us in its place only the humour which to many is the salt of all his works. We must, of course, avoid the error of identifying John Carmichael, the young Free Church minister, with the Rev. John Watson, but there are some points of resemblance both in history and character. There is one incident in "Kate Carnegie" which has its parallel in the life of the author. It is that of the brilliant article, written at the expense of certain ecclesiastical dignitaries, which, through a scruple of affection, found its way no further than the waste-paper basket. The "Lad o' Pairts" was not the first of Ian Maclaren's literary efforts. Twenty years before, an article, in character much akin to that by John Carmichael, had been accepted for publication, and was then withdrawn, and for a like reason. A great gift for sarcasm has not been greatly fostered, and is now only used on the fittest occasions. Its repression has lost the author neither love nor success.

There is another characteristic of the stories of the Glen which distinguishes him from writers of the same school. He is the first to present in modern literature the mingling and contrast of Highland and Lowland character. The contrast is as great to-day as when the Highland Host plundered and outraged the Covenanters of the Lowlands in 1677. Because the Celt and the Teuton are found in the same village and side by side in the same church, it does not follow that the difference between them is by any means obliterated, although a careless eye may be slow to detect it. Ian Maclaren was specially fitted by birth and upbringing for the task. By his mother's side he is a pure Highlander, by his father's side a Lowlander. He was brought up at Stirling, equidistant from Perth and Edinburgh, itself a Lowland town, but within easy reach of Highland scenes and people. His first charge was in Logiealmond, a village lying on the slope of the hills, but opening out on a great strath, where those that "have the Gaelic" dwell side by side with men as ignorant of it as any Englishman. The opportunity was unrivalled, and rarely have three years been more faithfully used by a man of quick sympathy and tender imagination.

Donald Menzies and Lachlan Campbell take their places in a long portrait gallery of Scotch types. To many readers, they are as strange as a monk of Mt. Athos or a country priest from the Tyrol. In them both we see the marks of the Highland temperament, its power of reserve, its leaning to mystery, its variations of gloom and ecstasy, its persistence in friendship and enmity, and, withal, its startling lack of humour. The two men are foils to one another—the one a mystic, the other a theologian; the one of the school of hermits, the other of the inquisitors. Only a certain sympathy of blood can enable a writer to do such characters justice. In less skilful hands, the mystic might have been ridiculous, and the inquisitor odious, and both alike unreal. But Ian Maclaren paints only what he knows, and with a sure brush. The ludicrous side of Donald's spiritual exercises are admitted, and there is no more characteristic passage than the conversation in which Lachlan remonstrates with his fellow-elder for too audible groans in prayer. But we are none the less kindled by the ecstasy of soul in which the weather-beaten farmer is at times wrapt, and melted by the transformation of the student of Witsius into the likeness of the father of the prodigal son.

We are also shown the daring of the Highland imagination in Janet Macpherson, the lodge-keeper of the Carnegies. Her confidence in a clansman's honour is boundless, and sometimes touches dangerous heights, with no thought of irreverence. "It wass not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now," says she, in "Kate Carnegie and those Ministers"; "but it would hef been better if our Lord had had twelve Macphersons for His apostles. There wass a price of £6,000, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all up and down the country; but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief." It was, at any rate, not possible for a Macpherson to be a Judas.

These three books of the Glen have been translated into German, along with certain stories from the volume "Afterwards," and have been published in two volumes. A large third edition of the first is just about to be issued, and on the book's first appearance its sales in Stuttgart were only equalled by "Bismarck's Reminiscences" (1898); a second edition of the second volume has already been published. The translator has recently stated that Dr. MacLure is the most popular character among German readers, and among us also his only rival would be Jamie Soutar, the sweet-hearted cynic with the "nippy tongue," and the fountain of tenderness so carefully and sometimes unscrupulously concealed. But the picture of the country doctor is the more important. It seems strange when once this figure has been limned for us that he never appeared before in fiction, for indeed he is not indigenous to Scotland. The present writer remembers a conversation with Ian Maclaren a little while before these stories were written, when the chief theme of

talk was an English doctor in an upland parish in Wales who was "the beloved physician" of the whole district, had been twice injured when riding to his patients on winter nights, and concealed under a rough exterior a singular devotion to humanity and to his profession. He was the model, or at least one of the models, from which Dr. MacLure was drawn. It is a perfectly candid portrait. His uncouthness in dress ("the outside of him was not encouraging"), his roughness and dourness, are plainly enough set before us; but with them his ever-renewed, dogged combat with death, and his persistent efforts to keep abreast of the advancing knowledge of his profession.

And with what care the details are wrought. Many read the story of the fever-stricken ploughman plunged again and again in cold water, without knowing that it is a modern method of treatment for typhoid—the anti-pyretic, which was introduced just a little while before the time when we may suppose the incident to have occurred. "Give's another shake of the hand, MacLure," says the great city-doctor, "I'm proud to have met you; you're an honour to our profession. I'm proud to have met you. Mind the antiseptic dressings." The antiseptic treatment could only have been in use a little while, according to the time-indications of the story, and Sir George, whom we may safely identify with Sir George Macleod, one of the handsomest men in Scotland, was the immediate successor in the professorial chair of Lord Lister, to whose genius the invention was due.

THE FREE CHURCH AND MANSE AT LOGIEALMOND (DRUMTOCHTY).

In spite of his sudden and great success in purely narrative work, Ian Maclaren has devoted his chief strength to his religious works. He has remained the great preacher in whom the passion for souls must be predominant. His stories are the bye-products of his life, and his literary output amazes those who know the demands made upon his time and energy by a large suburban congregation, and the ecclesiastical machinery of the denomination to which he belongs. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was published in 1894, and in the seven years which have elapsed, he has published two more volumes of short stories and a novel; in addition, four books of religious exposition—two of them on an elaborate scale—two volumes of practical religion, one of pastoral theology, without reckoning a life of Christ, not yet published in book form. He has indeed been doing the work of two men. Ian Maclaren and Dr. John Watson have been busy side by side. It was certain that the work of one or the other must suffer, and he has been true to his earlier ideal. His later volumes of fiction cannot be said to have reached the high standard of the first, but his last religious works, "The Companions of the Sorrowful Way" and "The Doctrines of Grace," surpass his earlier both in incisiveness and lucidity of thought, and in fascination of style.

In "The Companions of the Sorrowful Way" are found the same delicate character-drawing and poignant pathos which distinguish "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The graphic, lightning-flash touches of St. Mark are found along with the deep mysticism and far-seeing vision of St. John. A man without faith could rejoice in this book, if only for its pure and unworldly beauty. In its essence it is a study of human nature at a crisis when every strand of affection and noble quality of the soul are tested by a sudden strain. The author's insight into the heart of friendship may be illustrated by a single quotation. Speaking of the Agony in Gethsemane, "The sleep of the Three is the shame of the gospels, and there be some to whom the failure of St. John is sadder than the crucifixion. The people left Jesus, they were ignorant; the Pharisees slandered Him, they were bigots;

Judas betrayed Him, he was a knave; Pilate crucified Him, he was a place-hunter. . . . If even the eight slept, they were not His intimates. . . . When St. John could not keep vigil during his Friend's hardest hour, although Jesus used no upbraiding, but found a kindly reason in the weakness of the body, the nails of the Cross could not have been so bitter an affliction." The two larger works, "The Mind of the Master" and "The Doctrines of Grace," do not fall strictly under review in an article on Ian Maclaren, for they are really theological, though cast in a beautiful literary form. But it may be said of them that they bid fair to take a place alongside the sermons of F. W. Robertson of Brighton, in many libraries in which religious literature is otherwise conspicuous by its absence.

The most serious criticism of Ian Maclaren's works consists in the statement that sentiment has become in his hands sentimentality, and that an unreal picture of village life is presented. It is said that the Scots peasant is far from being the glorified creature presented in his pages. But this criticism is based to a large extent on a misconception. There is another side to rural life, and Ian Maclaren is well aware of it. As a lad he spent his holidays on a farm, where the "bothy" system was in full force, the men living together in one building, and the women under similar conditions. The accommodation was little better than that of a barracks. The food was mainly oatmeal, sometimes eaten almost raw, inflaming the blood, so that when work was slack, the labourers were like over-fed animals. Ian Maclaren knows the other side of country life, the coarseness of thought and speech, the base intrigues of the byre and steading, the stories of what some are pleased to glorify as primitive passion. He could tell of these things as plainly and remorselessly as any man. But he has chosen to be silent. Because he has confined himself to one aspect, it does not follow that this aspect is untrue. When we admit the lifelikeness of David Teniers the younger's studies of vulgar Dutch life, we are surely not driven to conclude that the painter who omits such scenes is false to his art or to life.

It is complained that there are too many descriptions of death and of the last leave-taking. It must be remembered that the clergy see as many death-beds in a year as most men in a lifetime, and if one choose to depict the finer feelings at a moment when certain souls are at their noblest, is it necessarily mistaken art? The other kind of death-bed without a transfiguring gleam is, of course, familiar to him. The present writer remembers very well a conversation on this subject a little while before these stories were written, when Ian Maclaren commented on the fact that death-bed sayings were so often imagined, and quoted in illustration the last words of one of the saintliest women he ever knew. They were spoken immediately before death to the doctor, who had just moved her in her helplessness from one side to the other, and were these, "Just as they do to a sheep at the shearing, Doctor." It is not because he is ignorant of the cruel prose of most death-hours that he has written what has moved so many to tears. Rather because of this knowledge, he has sought to express the words our dumb poets fail to speak before they depart. A somewhat similar charge was brought against Wordsworth, the great poet of simple life. Ian Maclaren takes his place in that succession which Matthew Arnold feared had come to an end, when Wordsworth died.

> "Others will teach us how to dare,
> And against fear our breast to steel.
> Others will teach us how to bear—
> But who, ah, who will make us feel?"

One may sit down to criticise this writer, and, examining his work in detail, complain of this or that, hasty writing or some other shortcoming. But when one meets him, either in person or in the happiest passages of his books, criticism is disarmed and overruled. His is a large and catholic spirit, as full of human sympathy as Dickens, but much concerned for the deeper things of the soul. To appreciate him thoroughly, one must hear him preach. To a full vocabulary, clothing finely conceived thoughts, is added the charm of a voice with an infinite variety of inflection, giving a shade of meaning which words fail to express, and only possible to him who is aware of the unending subtleties of life and the haunting presence of sorrow. But the impress of his personality is in his books. This is the chief secret of their popularity. Being what he is, he has transformed theology into poetry, and has given grace to dogma, bringing both within reach of the popular mind without infringing the dignity of either one iota. He has unbared the tender sorrows of the inarticulate tiller of the soil, and has chronicled the distinctive humour of men of saturnine countenance. We may contemn the pleasantry or cavil at the pathos here and there, but the next moment the book is in our hands again, the laugh within our heart and the tears in our eyes.

CONCERNING "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

IT is now eight years ago since "Ships that Pass in the Night" was published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. I am reminded of that fact chiefly because I have been looking at the MS. of it, previous to sending it by request to the Glasgow Exhibition. It has struck me that perhaps a few details about its publication might be interesting both to readers and authors. It was sent to Messrs. Blackwood and refused, chiefly because its tone was thought to be too sad, and therefore it would be unlikely to win popularity. If it had been in three volumes, Messrs. Blackwood said they would have published it. I was, of course, disappointed by this verdict, but after a few days of depression, I recovered myself and took the book to Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. They sent a prompt answer. They offered to buy the copyright for twenty guineas, and said that if the book was a success, they would send a further sum. Being inexperienced and not having anyone to advise me, I accepted, not because I wanted ready money, but because I did not want any delay about the publication, and Lawrence and Bullen offered to publish at once. It never occurred

to me to apply to the Authors' Society, for I was not an author, but only a beginner, and therefore unproven; and although I had heard of Mr. A. P. Watt, I believed that only well-known and successful people were able to have the benefit of his advice and help. So I did not even give him a thought. By St. Patrick—this being his day—I wish I had! For now I know that any untried writer, with careful work, may go to Mr. Watt and be sure of receiving a courteous hearing. As for the book itself, I had not the least idea that it would be likely to command any attention. I hoped that it would meet with a few sympathetic readers, give the publishers a fair return for their investment, win a few favourable criticisms, and thus enhance my position amongst editors of magazines and encourage me to work my way onwards and upwards. More than this I did not hope for.

However, what happened was this. The book leapt from edition to edition. The publishers sent me four extra cheques of twenty guineas each, making thus one hundred guineas in all. And I wrote to Baron Tauchnitz, having a letter of introduction to him from Miss D'Esterre Keeling, and he agreed to give forty pounds for the book. The publishers took twenty of this, and gave the other twenty to me. So I have had £125 in England for "Ships," or rather, I should say, £105 in England and £20 in Germany.

In America, as I had no copyright, the book was pirated everywhere. But one firm, Messrs. Putnam, issued what was called an authorised edition, and gave me £5 for writing the preface, and £25 as courtesy fee. So that in America I have had £30. It is impossible to say how many thousands of copies have been sold in America. I have seen it in every variety: from five cents a copy up to a dollar a copy. One firm alone is said to have sold 60,000 copies. People who know something about these matters have told me that half a million copies is a modest statement. In England I have had no means of judging about the figures until just recently, when the book has practically come back into my own possession, by the kind negotiations of my friend Mr. A. P. Watt, and the gratifying collaboration of my friend Mr. William Blackwood. Mr. Watt felt that I should enjoy owning the copyright, and that the sales would probably justify the outlay. So Mr. Blackwood took over the twentieth edition of the book, and the sales during the first five weeks of the new arrangement were 1,134 copies. This applies only to the 3s. 6d. edition. We were to have no control over or interest in the 6d. edition, which was previously sold to Messrs. Newnes. Of this, I believe, about 160,000 have already been sold.

These are the statistics, so to speak, about "Ships that Pass in the Night." It is obvious that I did not make a fortune by it, but I have had a harvest out of it which I consider altogether priceless—a harvest of friendships and fellowships with all sorts and conditions of men and women in many parts of the world. I myself have seen the French, German, Dutch, Norwegian and Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and Hungarian translations; and I still continue to receive letters from unknown friends in New Zealand, Western Australia, India, South America, Canada, and the United States, and before the war, I had many letters from South Africa also.

I have written down these few details chiefly that young authors may again be cautioned against parting with their copyright. But if they do part with it, I hope that they, like myself, will have the great pleasure of getting it back again—even at the eleventh hour—after eight years of separation. And since pleasures, like sorrows, do not come "single spies, but in battalions," I have lately received copies of a new illustrated American edition of "Ships," in which the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., have generously given me an interest.

Beatrice Harraden.

UPPER GLEN ALMOND (GLEN URTACH).

"'Ye ken whar thae floo'ers grew, Lily,' and Jamie hastily produced his primroses; 'a' thocht ye might like a sicht o' them.'
'Doon ablow the Lodge in the Tochty woods . . . whar the river taks a turn . . . an' the sun is shinin' bonnie noo . . . . an' a birk stands abune the bank an' dips intae the water.'
'The verra place,—a couthy corner whar the first primroses come oot. Ye hevna forgot the auld Glen, Lily.'"
—*The Days of Auld Lang Syne.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A NEW IRISH NOVELIST.*

"The Lost Land" impresses itself on my mind as the most remarkable Irish novel we have had for many years. It is thoroughly original in the true sense, although it deals with subjects which are familiar enough to the readers of Irish history and romance. It purports to be "A Tale of a Cromwellian-Irish town," and is offered as "The Autobiography of Miss Annita Lombard, 1780-1797." It is in fact a story of the times and the conditions just before the insurrection of 1798. "The Lost Land" is not a

* "The Lost Land." By Julia M. Crottie. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

political novel in the strict sense, for the political movements of the time are dealt with only as they affect the lives and fortunes of the small group of people in whom centres the interest of the romance. Every figure in the book is distinctly drawn, and has a characteristic life of its own. The authoress has the rare artistic capacity which enables her to suffuse her pages with the very atmosphere of the scenes she describes. There is a melancholy tone in some of these descriptions which lends itself sympathetically to the purposes of the story. Miss Crottie deals almost exclusively with the middle class and the poorer class of the Cromwellian-Irish town which she has made the scene of her narrative, but her middle class people are, for the most part, people who have come down to that class, and her poor seem to be growing poorer every day. One cannot read the book without feeling the conviction that the Irish romance which Charles Lever made popular, with its roystering Irish landlords and Irish soldiers, and its comic peasants, has utterly passed away, and has been succeeded by a realism which has something saddening in its very reality. There are many humorous passages in the book, and nothing can be more humorous, and at the same time more lifelike, than the talk and the ways of some of the humbler figures whom we meet in the course of the narrative. But the very humour of the authoress is of that order which artistically seeks out appropriate subjects for description, and not of the kind which goes on the quest for comedy with the sole desire to be comic at any cost. Miss Crottie draws with a firm and impartial hand. Some of her personages are undoubtedly mean, and ignoble, and squalid, and it is evidently no part of her creed that an Irish romance-writer is bound, out of mere patriotic principle, to illustrate nothing but the best and brightest side of Irish character. I have heard it said that Miss Crottie shows us too much of what is unlovely, and pitiful, and mean in the life which she describes, but the complaint seems to me about as unreasonable as it would be to find fault with Charles Dickens because he pictured Mr. Squeers and Mr. Alfred Jingle as well as Mr. Pickwick and Kate Nickleby. Nothing seems to me more clear from first to last than the fact that the authoress loves her Irish people with as genuine a love as she feels for the beauty of Irish scenery, although she can make a dreary, monotonous bog visible to us in all its dreary monotony, and can describe some sordid creatures in all their sordidness and selfishness. There are some noble figures in the book, one of the best and most striking of which is that of Thad Lombard, brother of the girl who is supposed to tell the story. Thad is drawn with the hand of an impressionist. There is hardly any elaborate description of him, and, indeed, considering that he is the life and soul of the narrative, we see him but seldom, yet the reality of his character and his existence is with us always as a living presence, and we feel that we know him, and can thoroughly appreciate his loving heart and his patriotic purposes. When Thad has gone off to risk his life in the movement of the United Irishmen, his sister, who tells the story, is sitting one evening watching the flooded mountain river "as it rushed, bank-high, to meet the mill-stream, and thinking, with a pang, of many things that the leisure and sodden gloom of the evening gave only too free a welcome to. The swirling water had drowned already the clump of meadow-sweet that in June had formed a fairy island for the water-hens and wagtails; it would soon be swamping over the tangled blackberry bushes and wild syringas on the bank. Everything would be swallowed by the engulfing flood, whose smooth surface would tell no tale of all that had helped to make the spring and summer's glory. That was how Time was sweeping over everything that was best in life—youth and hope and passionate endeavour only waited their turn for the effacing flood. And Thad, his bright youth lost in Curraglen's past—of him, too, there would be no trace, no sign! The thought of that gruesome oblivion, and the keen, almost physical pain that it sent through me left me unmindful of all that went on around."

MISS JULIA M. CROTTIE.
Author of "The Lost Land."

The few lines which I have just quoted might serve, to some extent, as the keynote of the whole story. I shall not attempt any condensation of the story, which can only be thoroughly appreciated when it is taken as the authoress herself tells it for us. The impression which it leaves on the mind of the reader is melancholy indeed, but it is certainly not dispiriting or even on the whole depressing, for the melancholy has with it that beauty and that sense of hope which belong even to the failure of noble lives inspired by high unselfish purpose. The most loyal of Britons, and even of Imperialists, may read Miss Crottie's novel without any feeling but one of sympathy for the brother and sister whose fortunes and surroundings, hopes and disappointments give life to this story.

JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

SCOTLAND IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.

WHEN one is reminded by such works as Sir Henry Craik's valuable "Century of Scottish History" of the chief names in Scottish literature during the nineteenth century one is surprised, nay, appalled to think how many of them really belong to that "wicked eighteenth" which Coleridge denounced for the "ourang-outang theology of the origin of the human species," for "idealess facts," for "the rights of nature," for a "mechanic corpuscular theory of the world," and other evils. Walter Scott and James Mill were born in 1771, Francis Jeffrey and Thomas McCrie in 1773, Thomas Brown and Henry Brougham in 1778, John Galt and Henry Cockburn in 1779, Thomas Chalmers and George Combe in 1780, and David Brewster in 1781. Entering the world almost as Burns was

leaving it, Carlyle lisped in the eighteenth century that "Annandale Vernacular" which was his strength as well as his weakness, and stuck to him to his dying day. The majority even of the Scottish poets who were either imitators of Burns or were stimulated to literary effort by his success were children of that same century whose squalid-picturesque romance, as told by a school of historians of whom the Rev. Henry Grey Graham is the first, we are but now beginning to understand. The Baroness Nairne was born in 1766, Hogg in 1770, Tannahall in 1774, Sir Alexander Boswell in 1775, Allan Cunningham in 1784. William Thom, whose "Mitherless Bairn" is perhaps the most genuine piece of Zolaesque realism in Scottish verse, William Motherwell, whose "Jeanie Morison" comes nearer in reason though not in rhyme or rhythm to "essential" Burnsism than anything which has appeared in the nineteenth century, and David Vedder, the interpretation of whose "local colour" may yet lead to the rise of a special branch of the Scottish school of fiction, saw the light in 1789, 1797, and 1798.

But these dates would not be worth recalling if by them and by others which belong peculiarly to the century that has now run its course, there did not hang a tale of progress, but also of action and reaction, of flow and ebb. The three greatest Scottish names in literature during the first half of the eighteenth century—advisedly I do not say the three greatest names in Scottish literature—are those of David Hume, William Robertson, and Adam Smith. All three were born during the first generation of that century and died during the last; they were all, therefore, children of that post-Union Scotland which, for better or for worse, had at last "buckled to" with England, much as, later on, poor, proud, and delightfully Ferrierish Edinburgh gentlewomen consented to marry and dominate Liverpool or Manchester merchants. The Union paved the way for their claim to have a share in the heritage of British literature, just as it paved the way for Glasgow to assert its claim to a share in the heritage of British trade. It was a sound instinct which led Robertson to "be out in the '45," but as a Volunteer and against Prince Charlie. Had Jacobitism triumphed at that time, Robertson's career, as what we should nowadays call an "Imperial" man of letters, would have been cut short. None of the three can be said to have been a patriot in the sense which has once more become familiar in Scotland. Bagehot, indeed, said that Adam Smith wrote his "Wealth of Nations" to prove how a man from being a savage can rise to be a Scotsman. That, however, is but the "f-f-un" of an incorrigible epigrammatist, who, with all his capacity and cosmopolitanism, had a slight strain in his blood of that Cockaigne which still thinketh in its heart of Scotland as Junius wrote. As a matter of fact, few Scotsmen have "transcended" Scotland alike in work and in reputation more completely than Hume and Smith. Both Hume and Robertson prided themselves—and prided themselves in vain—on their ability to write English without falling into Scotticisms or solecisms. That was a general tendency among Scottish literary men at this time. Allan Ramsay was, in spite of his exercises in the vernacular, less a "Doric bard" than a Scottish imitator of English exemplars; John Home was far more desirous that the name of his Norval should be known on the London stage than on the Grampian Hills; in Blair's Sermons there is neither the spirit nor the accent of "rax me owre that Bible"! But then came the inevitable reaction in favour of "Scotland for Scottish writers," and it was no doubt hastened by the barbarities that followed in the wake of the '45 and aroused in a country that had not forgotten the Darien Expedition a much profounder sentiment than the mere "Charlie-over-the-water Jacobitism"

GLEN ALMOND (GLEN URTACH).

"The oak copse covered the sides of the tiny glen, and met across the streamlet, and one below could see nothing but greenery and the glint of the waterfall where the burn broke into the bosky dell from the bare heights above. Other times the path, that allowed two to walk abreast if they wished very much and kept close together, would skirt the face of the high river-bank, and if you peeped down through the foliage of the clinging trees you could see the Tochty running swiftly and the overhanging branches dipping in their leaves" —*Kate Carnegie.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

which has survived till the present day. Fergusson and Burns, who, had they lived the allotted span, might both have been forces in the nineteenth century, led the way of the patriotic reaction, the one because he was a realist and faithfully reproduced the Edinburgh of "jink and drink" into which he was born, and the other because circumstances and early education had made him a perfervid patriot bent on singing "a sang at least" for "auld Scotland's sake," yet also capable, when the necessity arose, of successfully pressing the Scottish members to demand in

ST. MATTHEW'S FREE CHURCH, GLASGOW.

After leaving Logiealmond, Dr. Watson became colleague to Dr. Samuel Miller, at St. Matthew's Free Church, Glasgow. Three years later he became minister of the Presbyterian Church at Sefton Park, Liverpool.

tones of thunder—his thunder, not theirs—that Scotland's Kettle should be restored to her. But neither Fergusson nor Burns quite escaped from the influence of that literary Edinburgh which was the Scottish Mecca of the time, of Anglicism in literature and Moderatism in religion, although in the case of the younger and profounder spirit both merged in the Humanitarian Democracy of the second "Vision," of "A man's a man for a' that," of the passion for liberty which gave cosmopolitanism to "Scots wha hae." These influences continued into the nineteenth century, and affected curiously the two most masterful Scotsmen of its first generation—Walter Scott and Thomas Chalmers. Walter Scott, like Jeffrey, never escaped from the influence of Blair, Hume, and Robertson. Chalmers in the first stage of his career, as a theologian, a preacher, and an astronomer was little better than a young man of great ambition competing on conventional lines, though with unconventional energy, with English and Anglicised Scotch rivals in what were then regarded as mere departments of literary activity. It may seem absurd to trace a connection or even to constitute a comparison between the "Waverley Novels" and the Ten Years' Conflict which ended in the creation of the Free Church in 1843. But the very different enterprises of Scott and Chalmers are connected by the link of patriotism. Scott was from the first determined that, as far as in him lay as a poet and a romancist, the place of Scotland in the literature and history of Europe should be adequately asserted. One is apt to forget, too, that as "Malachi Malagrowther" Scott showed himself as resolute and victorious an upholder of his country's rights under the Union as Burns himself; in the year in which the burden of ruin was heaviest on his shoulders, he successfully insisted on Scotland's right to retain her one-pound notes. On the other hand, the Evangelical Movement of which Chalmers became the leader was primarily a protest against Moderatism, but it was also the expression of the determination on the part of Scottish Presbyterians to solve their own religious and ecclesiastical problems in their own way; not without reason did Chalmers style himself "a tribune of the people." Both formed Scottish literary schools of very different kinds. Although neither Miss Ferrier —to whom, by the way, it has been reserved for an Englishman, Professor Saintsbury, to do the amplest justice —nor John Galt, the Scottish Balzac, can be described as a disciple of Scott, both will be associated with him for all time in the great national revival of the beginning of the century. Similarly, Cunningham and Candlish will be associated with Chalmers in Scotland's self-assertion in the field of theology, as Guthrie, whose pictures of the Edinburgh slums are a triumph of realism touched by spirituality, will always be associated with him in his work of raising from the social depths "misery's sons and daughters and the multitude that are ready to perish." Standing midway between the Scottish novelists and the Scottish socio-religious reformers were writers like the forgotten author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie" and John Wilson, whose "Lights and Shades of Scottish Life" will be remembered when his "Noctes Ambrosianæ" is forgotten. They did much the same work in prose as the chief poetical Burnsians were doing in verse. Even the Scottish philosophers of this period, men like Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown in Scotland, James Mill and Sir James Mackintosh in England, are not to be forgotten; they impressed France and Germany even more than they did their own countrymen. Jeffrey, aided by Sydney Smith and by the "slovenly omniscience" of the Scottish Alcibiades, Henry Brougham, tried to make the "Edinburgh Review" the organ of Edinburgh Voltaireanism. But he was overborne by stronger spirits like Macaulay, who made it the diving-board for robust Scottish Whiggery, and Carlyle, who flooded it with Scottish secederism and mysticism in occasionally harsh but oftener musical combination. Meanwhile, Scott and Lockhart were laying down the laws of Toryism according to Scottish ideas in both London and Edinburgh through

IAN MACLAREN AT THE TIME OF THE WRITING OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."
From Photo by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*. Altogether the outburst of Scottish talent and patriotism in the first generation of the late century is almost without precedent.

The Reform Bill of 1832 and the Disruption of 1843 plunged the great majority of earnest Scottish spirits and even of busy intelligent Scotsmen into the work of politico-social and ecclesiastical reconstruction. Yet there were always some left to keep the old lamps burning. Thomas Aird, of the "Devil's Dream" and "A Winter's Day," and enthusiastic if occasionally too "gorgeous" George Gilfillan, kept up the tradition of poetry and criticism, and prepared the way on the one hand for the two Smiths, the jubilee of the elder of whom, worthily celebrated a few weeks ago, has reminded us that the author of "Olrig Grange" came into the world seven years before the author of "Edwin of Deira," and on the other for critics like the evergreen and invincibly genial Masson, like Minto, Patrick Proctor Alexander, and John Nichol, who have gone over to the majority. Meanwhile, in history Tytler, Burton, and the second Robertson were continuing the tradition of the great champion of Moderatism; in theology, Caird, Tulloch, Rainy, Bruce, and Cairns were preparing the way for those younger Free Churchmen who, full of the spirit of the old Scottish adventurers, have invaded Germany with Robertson Smith at their head to win fresh laurels for their country; in philosophy, Ferrier and Fraser, Calderwood and Hutchison Stirling, Flint, and Bain were reminding their countrymen that speculation had not died with Sir William Hamilton. That robust and Kingsleyan critic T. E. Brown has left on record his hearty appreciation of that most genial of Scottish mystics, the author of "Sir Gibbie." I can remember how as a student in Aberdeen, I, along with other members of a little coterie—they are all gone but myself—neglected Dynamics, the Categorical Imperative, and even "In Memoriam" to gloat over "Robert Falconer" and "David Elginbrod." Dr. George Macdonald was the real pioneer of that second revival of Scottish fiction, although the admirable middle-class, rural village, and country-house romance of Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Black's "Daughter of Heth" helped to point the way. The hour struck and the men came with Stevenson, who was born in 1850, and Mr. Barrie, who was born in 1860. Of them and their allies, of Mrs. Burnett Smith, Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Crockett, of Mr. Neil Munro and Mr. John Buchan, it is unnecessary to say again what has been said so often. It should not be forgotten also that this revival of Scottish fiction has been accompanied by an equally remarkable revival of Scottish historical research at once wide and deep, with which are already associated such names as those of Mr. Lang, Sir Henry Craik, Dr. Hume Brown, Dr. Hay Fleming, Mr. Henry Grey Graham, and Mr. R. S. Rait. It seems to me, therefore, premature to talk, as some impatient critics are doing, of the "Scottish school" having done its work. For one thing the Scottish slums still require their Zola, the Scottish middle class still needs its Henry James—or shall I say its Thackeray? I am inclined to think and almost to prophesy

DR. MACLURE, BY WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A.

"'When William MacLure appears before the Judge, Milton,' said Lachlan Campbell, who that day spoke his last words in public, and they were in defence of charity, 'He will not be asking him about his professions, for the doctor's judgment hass been ready long ago; and it iss a good judgment, and you and I will be happy men if we get the like of it.'

'It iss written in the Gospel, but it iss William Maclure that will not be expecting it.'

'What is't, Lachlan?' asked Jamie Soutar, eagerly.

The old man, now very feeble, stood in the middle of the road, and his face, once so hard, was softened into a winsome tenderness.

"'Come, ye blessed of My Father. . . . I was sick, and ye visited Me.'"

—*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

that the second and purely nineteenth century Scottish revival will last till the end of the first generation of the twentieth. Then, but hardly till then, will our national literature unite once more and finally with that of the "predominant partner" to "make one music as before but vaster" in the Albert Hall of a peaceful and passionately artistic Imperialism. WILLIAM WALLACE.

NEW BOOKS.

THACKERAY'S "STRAY PAPERS."*

Here we have what in the ordinary course of things should be the final volume of Thackeray's minor pieces; and in the production of it Mr. Lewis Melville has deserved well of all students of Thackeray. He has brought together everything ignored by or unknown to Mrs. Ritchie in the editing of the biographical edition of her father's works; and he has left

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE.
From Photo by Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.

untouched the ground dealt with in *Thackeray's Contributions (hitherto unidentified) to Punch*. He seems, however, to have overlooked "Rolandseck," one of the *Britannia* series; perhaps because all the other numbers had duly been absorbed by Mrs. Ritchie, and Mr. Melville took it for granted that this was among them. Moreover, he has very properly omitted the papers, such as the "Snob Papers," which Thackeray declared he would have suppressed if he could. Otherwise everything is here—everything published from "1821 to 1847." At least, Mr. Melville *says* "1821" on his title-page, but he doubtless means 1829, for at the former date the novelist was but a child of ten years old. It may be said at once that this volume is cordially to be welcomed for reasons that appear later on; but objection should be made to the inclusion of the two most important pieces in the book —"Speeches of Henry, Lord Brougham, etc., Edinb., 1839," which was published in the *British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal;* and "Elizabeth Brownrigge: A Tale," published in *Fraser's Magazine* in August and September, 1832.

Mr. Melville very properly expresses doubt as to "Elizabeth Brownrigge"—the capital parody on Lytton's "Eugene Aram," which, however, has nothing either of the touch or the manner of Thackeray. Dr. John Brown thought it was by Thackeray; Mr. Swinburne said "it ought to be," if it were not; Richard Herne Shepherd jumped at the hazard—as all who knew him would expect him to do; and Mr. Anderson actually included it in his Bibliography without a query-mark. For my part I can find no resemblance to Thackeray in it. On the other hand, it seems to me to be a strong family likeness to the work that Douglas Jerrold was doing at that time. The turns of expression, the handling of sentences, the peculiarities of dialogue are rather Jerroldian than Thackerayan; and I would remind the reader that in the autumn of 1831—just before the publication of "Elizabeth Brownrigge," Jerrold was writing a parody not dissimilar entitled "The Tutor Fiend and his Three Pupils" in the *Monthly* Magazine, in which one pupil gets gibbeted (like Elizabeth), the other is murdered by his fellow, and the third fractures his skull "against the barrier of his own wealth." I would remind the reader, but I would not weigh upon the fact, as the circumstance may be merely a coincidence, that some years afterwards Jerrold himself wrote "The Brownrigg Papers," for which George Cruikshank etched a frontispiece. The volume was so called because Jerrold signed many of the papers "Henry Brownrigg." It was edited by his son Blanchard, and contained the "Tutor Fiend" aforesaid.

As to the "Lord Brougham" review—a really important literary effort (which together with the Brownrigge story appropriates a quarter of the volume)—the style is not so different perhaps from what Thackeray's became later on. But, like the manner, it is more finished, more sober, more mature than anything that Thackeray was producing in 1839, and far better informed on political matters than we have independent evidence of in his other writings. Besides, Thackeray was a careful prophet at all times: would he have ventured on saying of Lord Brougham at that early date?:—

". . . He might have stood upon a moral eminence, so exalted, so commanding, that the eyes of all should have been turned on him in admiration, in gratitude, and love; but having played for his stake for his own sake, not for the sake of mighty principles and of his country, he has fallen, and fallen not to rise again, among his contemporaries."

He adds, it is true, certain qualifications—but is this Thackeray's manner? is it thus that a young man of wisdom would have written of a statesman still in his intellectual prime? We are told that Mr. Anderson identified the piece: it is true that in his otherwise admirable Bibliography he has included it without any sort of hesitancy—just as confidently as he included "Elizabeth Brownrigge." Some more evidence than this is required before the dictum is to be accepted.

There are other points on which exception may be taken by way of friendly criticism, and it is as well to dispose of them forthwith. Complaint must be made that the printers have been pleased to alter Thackeray's punctuation —capitals and so forth—after the manner of printers who prefer their "own rules" to those of the greatest writer who ever lived. I speak from experience. In the case of my own book on Thackeray, the printers persistently ignored my forewarnings, and copiously altered Thackeray's spelling and punctuation (especially Jeames's!), and entailed expense, trouble, and infinite labour in putting things right. Let Mr. Melville compare, say, the Letter on the Fine Arts from the *Pictorial Times* (p. 218) with the original, or even with Shepherd's reprint in "Sultan Stork," and he will experience the cruel after-pang that the innocent author so often receives. Again, the reference on p. 277 to "Paris Rebels" one of the "doubtful" papers in *Fraser*—should of course be "Paris Revels." At the same time, it must not be thought that the book is carelessly set; and after all there may not be many similarly afflicted with *la manie de l'exactitude* so as to be distressed if a colon is replaced by a semicolon, if a paragraph be broken into two, or "kerseymere" is misspelled with a capital K. Personally, I regard a classic author's every comma as sacred, and would willingly subscribe to a Six-text edition if Dr. Furnivall would start a Thackeray society to that end. Furthermore, regret must be expressed that the illustrations should have been printed on a surface paper, so as wholly to destroy what little artistic effect belonged to them. These blocks were roughly cut for the *National Standard*, and were intended for printing in that journal on a rough paper—not to be dignified into "plates," damaging instead of helpful to the artist's reputation. If the reader would

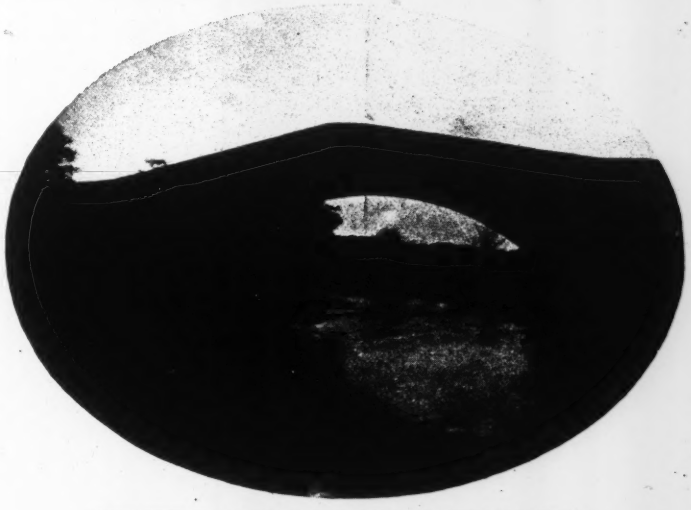
* "Stray Papers. 1821-47." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Lewis Melville. Illustrated. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

see how much better these blocks are than they here seem to be, let him consult the volume of the *Magazine of Art* for 1890, wherein they were first reprinted (in an article by Mr. C. N. Williamson), and he will realise the force of the remark. This modern practice of using for the printing of wood-cuts a paper manufactured for the printing of tone-blocks, is alike unintelligent and disastrous; it seems to give point to Thackeray's own banter about other of his illustrations: "Robinson Crusoe little thought, when he was notching the post, that those very wood-cuts would be made to illustrate this Diary!" Again, the drawing of "Little Spitz" returning with his own poor little severed tail, instead of sausages, in a basket, is not by Thackeray at all, but by George Cruikshank, for whom it was cut by Thomas Williams. And the distribution of the illustrations all over the volume, instead of insertion in their proper place, is a source of irritation, and should be altered in the next edition. For example, on p. 166, we read, "The two drawings reproduced on the following pages"—which is exactly where they should be reproduced; but one of them is the frontispiece and the other faces p. 416!

Here our cavilling ends, and we return to the volume with thanks to Mr. Melville for bringing together in such convenient form the work of Thackeray's early manhood. The compiler justifies in his preface his self-imposed task, and it must be admitted that he makes good his case. Why should an author's early works be suppressed more than an artist's early pictures?—by what special claim should a writer's immature books be ignored more than a statesman's immature opinions? They may be forgiven; they need not be forgotten. It might be added that they were deliberately given to the world "for a consideration;" and that they were accepted at the time by those for whom they were intended; why should they now be thrust out of sight because the author began to work before he had attained ripeness? Millais and Burne-Jones might as well have demanded the destruction of their earlier works which lacked their later accomplishment and dexterity. This cry for suppression is the result of a false premiss—there is a flavour of vanity in it, too. But if we discovered a new Shakespearean, a new Chaucerian, a new Aristotelian manuscript, should we refuse to give it to the world until we ascertained that the writing was produced in the author's prime? Thackeray is safe; we have realised that for many a day; and no man need fear to be thought a ghoul—(at least he can afford to ignore the charge, for it can come only from the thoughtless)—who reveals the young work of the acknowledged genius. He helps us to know the master better; shows us the way of his development; directs, and perchance encourages, other young geniuses on the road to excellence, alike of thought and craftsmanship. And for the rest of us who are not geniuses, we can rejoice in these works as being always full of interest of one kind or another, sometimes biographical, sometimes psychological, sometimes literary. For my own part, I should be sorry to miss the "grumble about Christmas Books" or other critical papers; and the suppression of Mrs. Ramsbottom would be a loss to literary history. This ancestress or the lady who flourished but lately in the pages of *Punch*—the sister of Mrs. Partington—the descendant of Mrs. Malaprop, of Smollett's Winifred Jenkins, even of Mistress Quickly herself. Whether or not Thackeray borrowed his Mrs. Ramsbottom from Theodore Hook's "John Bull" does not matter: his development of the character is a link in a chain which it would be a pity to break.

In this volume Mr. Melville reprints seven items from *The Snob*, four from *The Gownsman*, twenty-four from *The National Standard*, four from the *Times* (the unimportant "Memoirs of Holt" alone omitted), seven from the *Pictorial Times*, four from the *New Monthly Magazine*, two from the *Keepsake*, and seven from *Fraser* (not including "Elizabeth Brownrigge"); while the *Corsair*, *Cruikshank's Omnibus*, and the *Nation* yield one each. The volume is capital reading; it should take its place in the library beside Thackeray's works. The publishers have thoughtfully helped to that end by imparting to it an appearance identical with that of the Biographical edition.

M. H. SPIELMANN.



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE ALMOND (THE TOCHTY).

It was here that Dr. MacLure drove Sir George "through the flood."

"With the first plunge into the bed of the stream, the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

'Sit doon,' thundered MacLure, 'condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yer duty; but through the water ye gang the day.'

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly; but this is what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed."

*

"As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all the station heard.

'Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honour to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings.'"

—*A Doctor of the Old School.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

DR. GARDINER'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.*

In this volume Dr. Gardiner brings his task of writing the history of England from the death of Elizabeth to the restoration of Charles II. down to the end of 1656, the present volume being the third of his History of the Commonwealth, covering from 1654 to 1656. To praise Dr. Gardiner and his methods would at the present day be superfluous. He is one of those writers whose works have become classics in their own lifetime, and he has reached that enviable position without having the adventitious advantage of a fine style, such as Froude's, or a grotesque genius like Carlyle's. To those who wish to know what happened (not what might, or ought to have happened) Dr. Gardiner's history must be essential; it is to them what Baedeker's Guides are to tourists. With it and Mr. Firth's admirable Biography of Cromwell in hand, a student may now approach the formerly little-known period between the Tragedy of Charles I. and the Comedy of Charles II. without feeling that he is venturing into a sort of Darkest Africa, the knowledge of which can only be gathered from the works of persons prone to exaggeration, and careless of the truth. Carlyle, the most renowned of the travellers whose tales have hitherto delighted a credulous audience, is shown by Dr. Gardiner to have been on more than one occasion grossly negligent. For example, he has misled Dr. Murray (though this is perhaps venial, since Carlyle was not writing for philologists) by making Cromwell say, "*they* became communicative," when the text is "*it* became communicative," on which Dr. Gardiner observes, "Carlyle here, as in so many other places, amends the text without warning." Clearly a scientific edition of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches is a

* "The History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1660." By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A. Vol. III. 21s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

MARGET. BY WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A.

"'It was for anither a' githered, an' as fast as I got the gear a' gied it awa,' and Drumsheugh sprang to his feet, his eyes shining; 'it wes for love's sake a' haggled an' schemed an' stairved an' toiled till a've been a byword at kirk an' market for nearness; a' did it a' an' bore it a' for ma love, an' for . . . ma love a' wud hae dune ten times mair.

* *

'It wesna her winsome face nor her gentle ways that drew me, Weelum; it wes . . . her soul, the gudeness 'at lookit oot on the warld through yon grey een, sae serious, thochtful', kindly.'"

—*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

real desideratum. On the confused language in the Speeches as they have reached us, Dr. Gardiner suggests that the reporters have not been at fault, but that Cromwell himself, who, according to Bonde, the Swedish Ambassador, "piqued himself on his good expression, looking about for the most suitable English words," was not naturally a clear speaker—at least, when he was addressing assemblies. That may be; but Cromwell, as Dr. Gardiner admits, could speak clearly enough when he liked, and I, for one, am still of opinion that Sir Walter Scott was right when he put the confusion in the Protector's utterances down to duplicity, and not to an inability on his part to express himself with precision. Whilst pronouncing his "dark sayings" he had time to study the temper of the audience or the person with whom he was dealing. Certainly, when there was nothing to be gained by cloaking his meaning, no man could be more brutally direct than the Protector.

That a direct, straightforward policy was not, however, open to Cromwell is abundantly evident from Dr. Gardiner's narrative. Oliver seems to have had few personal adherents. He was, as he put it himself to Rogers (the Fifth Monarchy fanatic), "a constable," and "his work was to keep all the godly of several judgments in peace." Now, constables may be respected for their office, but they are seldom liked for themselves. And, unfortunately for Cromwell, the office he was filling, had, in the opinion of the majority of Englishmen, been gained, not by merit, but by what most thought the cruel and unnecessary murder of the former occupant. To remain in office he had to keep on good terms with his fellow policemen, many of whom were (from a politician's point of view) lunatics at large. His main excuse for beheading Charles I. was that the latter had played the tyrant. Necessity forced Cromwell to imitate, and even to excel, his victim in those very schemes for enslaving a people that he had himself in former years so strenuously denounced. Dr. Gardiner's chapter on the Parliament of 1654, and the means by which Oliver strove to fill it with his adherents, should be bitter reading to Radicals who believe that Cromwell trusted the Democracy. How little he did may be gathered from his having substituted for the forty-shilling freeholder a new class of voters, possessed of personal or real property valued (it would be interesting to ascertain in detail how the valuation was effected) at £200, equivalent to at least £800 at the present day. After the wholesale confiscations of property in favour of Oliver's followers, that must have ensured him several seats, whilst of the sixty members returned by Scotland and Ireland, Dr. Gardiner does not hesitate to say that the "Irish representation, and to a great extent the Scotch, served the purpose of the Ministerial pocket boroughs of the eighteenth century." Cromwell as statesman was but one more example of the demagogue on horseback, and he treated the horse exactly as Strafford and Charles had done. Judges were dismissed because they would not do the Protector's will; unconvicted prisoners were transported beyond the seas without the shadow of a trial; officers were appointed and cashiered, lands were confiscated and bestowed by this uncrowned King, as if he had been the son of Charles. No wonder that there was a serious project on foot to have Oliver declared Emperor. He was already more arbitrary than a mere King would have been. As Colonel Eyre, a discontented officer, plausibly remarked, "it was as good living in Turkey as here," and the madman, Thomas Tavey, who, on December 30th, 1655, lighted a bonfire and "threw into it a Bible, a saddle, a sword, and a pistol, telling those who crowded round the exhibition that these were the gods of England," was not very far beside the mark. Oliver, whatever his motives may have been, had come to regard himself as quite above the ordinary laws, both the laws of the realm and the laws of right and wrong. For instance, in his foreign policy he behaved towards the decaying Spanish Empire with

"SERMON TASTERS." BY WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A.

From *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

a cynical disregard for common honesty worthy of Napoleon at Bayonne. Whilst Blake was to accept the hospitality of Spain in the Mediterranean, Penn was to be plundering the Spanish possessions in the West Indies. No doubt such policy (if policy it can be called) was akin to the policy of Elizabeth, but Elizabeth had been struggling for her life—and the life of England—against the most formidable power in Europe since the days of Charlemagne.

It is, of course, impossible in a short review to do justice to the admirable way in which Dr. Gardiner has marshalled his facts and illustrated his decisions on the above and numerous other points. One may not agree with him in his estimate of Oliver's character; one may wish that he would now and then cease to be so reticent as to his own opinions on this or that act of Cromwell, but our most cordial thanks are due to him for presenting to us such a mass of fresh evidence on which a judgment of the Protector may be formed. In conclusion, some may be interested to learn Cromwell's impressions of two of his great contemporaries—Gustavus Adolphus and the Prince of Condé. "He burst forth," says Dr. Gardiner, quoting from Coyet (the Swedish envoy), "into a eulogy of the great Gustavus Adolphus, relating how he had welcomed the news of his successes with tears of joy in his eyes, and how he had mourned for his death as if he had been himself a Swede." Of Condé he said, "I hold him to be the greatest captain, not merely in our own age, but in many ages past." J. B. RYE.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA.*

As was to be expected, the second volume of the "Encyclopædia Biblica" merits the same praise and is open to the same objections as the first. In outward form, in all that belongs to arrangement and typography, it would be hard to suggest the slightest improvement. The printers, Messrs. R. and R. Clark, need no commendation from any one, but there is a distinction about their work which makes it difficult to repress praise. Turning over the pages, one finds it is not only the eye that is gratified. There is a fulness of information and ripeness of scholarship which impart confidence; and a perusal of the geographical and archæological articles convinces one that the editors and publishers are conferring an inestimable boon on the public by thus eliciting from experts information which might otherwise be inaccessible. We wish the same could be said of all the critical articles; but there are many statements made, especially by Professor Schmiedel, which merely represent the writer's unsupported opinion. His article on the Fourth Gospel is as thoroughly one-sided as any utterance of the most prejudiced apologist. His finding is that "no mention of the Fourth Gospel which we can recognise as such, carries us back further than 140 A.D." He does not recognise previous testimonies because he refuses to look at them. The quotations by Basileides in Hippolytus are airily discounted; Professor Schmiedel not being ashamed to avail himself of the evasion which Matthew Arnold long ago effectively disposed of. In Justin's eyes "the fourth gospel was by no means on the same plane as the Synoptics," although Justin's scholar Tatian certainly used it as authoritative. There is no attempt in the article to weigh the evidence afforded by the fact of Heracleon's writing a commentary on the gospel soon after the middle of the second century, nor are the deciding elements in Polycarp's evidence even mentioned. Quite misleading is his statement that Ænon, Salim, Sychar, Bethesda "have never yet been satisfactorily identified"; and some of the arguments which he adduces as damaging to the hypothesis of Johannine authorship are mere blunders in interpretation. His article on the Synoptic gospels is equally untrustworthy, although abundantly learned. The conclusion he reaches, that only five of the recorded sayings of our Lord can be depended upon as genuine, is demonstrably absurd, and reflects discredit on the processes which lead to it. Surely the editors must have had some compunction in admitting such articles, and in allowing Baron von Soden to use the article of Robertson Smith on the Epistle to the Hebrews to air his own views. Robertson Smith never published a sounder piece of work than his Encyclopædia article which is here mutilated; and it should either have been transferred without alteration, or von Soden should have been allowed to write the whole. To revise a man's writings in this fashion is injudicious and unfair. Such articles as we have called attention to, bulk largely in the Encyclopædia, and even more largely in the public mind. It may be well, therefore, to remind our readers that though all offending articles were removed, there remains a mass of information on biblical subjects; and even in these articles themselves there is a large amount of instruction. MARCUS DODS.

* "Encyclopædia Biblica." A Critical Dictionary of the Literary, Political, and Religious History, the Archæology, Geography, and Natural History of the Bible. Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., and J. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D. Vol. II. E.—K. 20s. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

A CENTURY AND A HALF OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.*

The reading of these books has convinced me of the wisdom of a remark made by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his eminently fair and discriminating essay on "The First Edinburgh Reviewers." "The truth is that it is a mistake to suppose that the eighteenth century ended with the year 1800. It lasted

IAN MACLAREN IN HIS STUDY.
From Photo by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

in the upper currents of opinion till at least 1832." I am inclined to go a little further than this, and to say with Hibernian emphasis that, so far as Scotland at any rate is concerned, the eighteenth century as a period of preparation for modern life lasted for fully a hundred and fifty years, beginning, indeed, with the Revolution of 1688 and ending with the Disruption of 1843. Clearly this is the view of Sir Henry Craik, for he devotes 125 pages to the period between the Revolution and the '45. That is sixty too many, in my opinion; he ought, to say the least, to have refrained from slaying the slain of Glencoe once more, even although it is a great temptation to a Scotsman to give William of Orange his deserts. But Sir Henry makes it absolutely clear—as it has certainly never been made clear before—in the first place that Jacobitism would never have done so well in 1715, and still more in 1745, as it did had it not been supported by and

* "A Century of Scottish History." From the days before the '45 to those within living memory. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B. Two vols. 30s. net. (William Blackwood and Sons.)
"Lord Monboddo and Some of his Contemporaries." By William Knight, LL.D. 16s. (John Murray.)

been an imperfect expression of a genuinely rational and justifiable discontent in Scotland with the terms of the Union, and that the Jacobites should have made their great effort in 1707, and in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, instead of waiting to blunder at Sheriffmuir and be crushed at Culloden. Sir Henry has shown beyond risk of contradiction that

POSTY. FROM THE DRAWING BY A. S. BOYD.

"'Aw've ma public capaucity as an officer o' the Crown, an' there a'm open tae creeticism. In ma private capaucity as a free-born Scot, the Queen hersel' has nae business tae interfere wi' me. Whether a' prefer speerits or lime juice for ma tastin'—Milton had once deceived Posty with the latter seductive fluid—' whether a' mairry ae wife or three'—Milton's third nuptials were still fresh in the Glen—' is a maitter for a man's ain deceesion.'"

—*The Days of Auld Lang Syne.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

to get at the foundations of modern Scotland you must go back from 1745 to 1688.

It is a pity that these two books could not have been rolled into one. James Burnett Lord Monboddo—the eccentric philosopher who believed that we are descended from monkeys that through long sitting had lost their tails; the indomitable lover of the ancients, the just, discriminating, but rather too deaf judge, the entertainer of Burns, Boswell, and Scott—was born in 1714 and died in 1799. He lived through and was a considerable part of the brilliant Kames and Hume Edinburgh period which Sir Henry Craik treats in a fashion worthy even of it. The famous "Select Club" is described in both books; in both the Scottish School of Philosophy—with its many varieties—necessarily figures. I must confess, however, to being disappointed with Professor Knight's volume. When he writes at his very best, he writes very well indeed; thus his description of the real services Monboddo rendered to philosophy, anthropology, and literature would do admirably in an encyclopædia. But his biography of his hero is scrappy and devoid of novelty; the accounts of "some of his contemporaries" are the veriest thumbnail sketches; and the long letters which passed between Burnett and some of his English and Scotch friends —scholars, metaphysicians, and scientists—becomes tedious, even although they are valuable as showing the high opinion which was entertained of the man by those who knew him. And then, in the name of all that is sensible, why did not Professor Knight follow the example of Walter Bagehot and have his proofs glanced at by a friendly eye? His readers would have been saved numerous glaring and inexcusable misprints, like "Racamier," "Pleydall," and "Sir William Innes"—for Sir William Jones.

A considerable portion of Sir Henry Craik's work—in some respects the most vigorously written portion—deals with ecclesiastical and religious questions in Scotland, controversy on which is by no means dead, and which cannot therefore be adequately dealt with in a purely literary criticism. He stoutly defends the earlier Moderates, and eulogises their socio-political work as being superior to anything of the kind that at the same time was being done in England. His view of the Seceders is not that of undiscriminating eulogy. While, like Mr. Leslie Stephen in his "English Utilitarians," he takes a very high view of Chalmers—his characterisation of the founder of the Free Church as being at once a Moderate and yet not a Moderate is extremely able—he does not approve of the later developments which were the results of Chalmers's conversion to Evangelicalism. There is therefore ample material in the book for most interesting criticism in the columns of a non-literary journal by such authorities as Dr. Hay Fleming, Dr. A. R. MacEwen (who, it may be remembered, maintains that Mr. H. G. Graham's "humorous account of the Erskines," in his "Social Life of Scotland," "will not bear scrutiny"), and Principal Rainy, if only he were as young as he was when he tackled Dean Stanley! Such a controversy ought to be interesting and fruitful, and need not be other than good-tempered, for Sir Henry Craik's views are not only expressed with decision—the decision, if not of the old-fashioned Eldonian Tory, certainly of the old-fashioned Robertsonian Moderate—but with urbanity.

To say that Sir Henry Craik's work is final would be a mistake. But it is unique, and, within its limits, of unequalled historical and sociological importance. Of course, British literature abounds with books on nearly every one of the periods and social phases covered by it, from the Revolution Settlement to the Disruption. But never before has there been published a coherent history of the whole, showing, for example, how such very different men as Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Henry Erskine, Henry Dundas, Francis Jeffrey, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers prepared the way for the intensely patriotic, yet also strongly cosmopolitan Scotland of to-day. His chapters on the social and economic, educational and philosophic developments of his country are admirable. The industries and literature of Scotland also have ample justice done them, although Sir Henry hardly touches upon the profound humanitarianism—a very different thing from either Whiggery or Moderatism—which differentiated Burns's "mission" from that of his predecessors. He shows very clearly the differences between Scottish and English Tories. His sketch and partial defence of Dundas are very clever.

Sir Henry writes a robust and not at all oratorical style, which is almost perfectly suited for exposition and characterisation. Had I the necessary space at my disposal I should illustrate it by giving in full his estimate of the Edinburgh Reviewers, who are described—very much, by the way, as Dr. Rainy might describe the Moderates—as "the natural outcome of the facile latitudinarianism that had masqueraded as free thought for a generation past," who "dreaded nothing so much as being thought provincial, and so forgot to be national." Altogether Sir Henry Craik's volumes deserve to be read, and will be read, as being a substantial, lucid, coherent, and, as I have said, unique contribution to Scottish history. It will lead to controversy; it will stimulate research; it will prepare the way for the history of that Scottish people—that democratic theocracy—through whose ages and centuries an increasing purpose has run, but which has not yet had justice done it.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.*

This is one of the great books produced in the century which has just expired. The first edition appeared in 1890, and the present edition, which is double its size, contains an

* "The Golden Bough." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 2nd edition. 3 vols. 36s. net. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

admirably arranged mass of information about the magical and religious practices of early or savage races which is of the highest value. Moreover, in spite of his erudition, Dr. Frazer is never dull. His style is always bright and at times brilliant, while his subject-matter continually deals with points so curious and fascinating that no student who once takes up these volumes will readily lay them down until he has finished them, and the ordinary reader, who adds them to his library, will find that he has got hold of one of those rare books into which he can always dip happily during a spare half-hour.

Taking as his text Virgil's famous description of the "Golden Bough" and the weird legend of the priest of Aricia—

> "The priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain"—

Dr. Frazer diverges into a discussion of magic and religion as they are illustrated by the history or tradition of every people under the sun. It is a strange and startling world into which he introduces the reader, for, perhaps, the most remarkable change which modern civilisation and modern science have effected is the silent and scarcely recognised change which has stolen over men's minds in reference to supernatural agencies. London artisans who are whisked through the bowels of the earth by electricity for twopence, and respectable citizens who take their sons to see air liquefied at the Royal Institution, cease to believe in the miraculous, while a sense of "sympathetic magic" scarcely survives except in whist-players who propitiate a black deuce by tapping it, or turn their chair round to turn their luck. But to primitive men, and to country folk who still live under primitive conditions, magic and charms are recognised methods of controlling nature, while everywhere

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
> Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep,"

or take up their material habitation in man or animal, stock or stone. The "hooligan" of a modern town fears nothing which he cannot touch and handle; the most brutal savage trembles at the thought of powers invisible, and this strange contrast presents a problem which is, perhaps, the greatest with which priests, philosophers, and politicians will have to grapple in the near future.

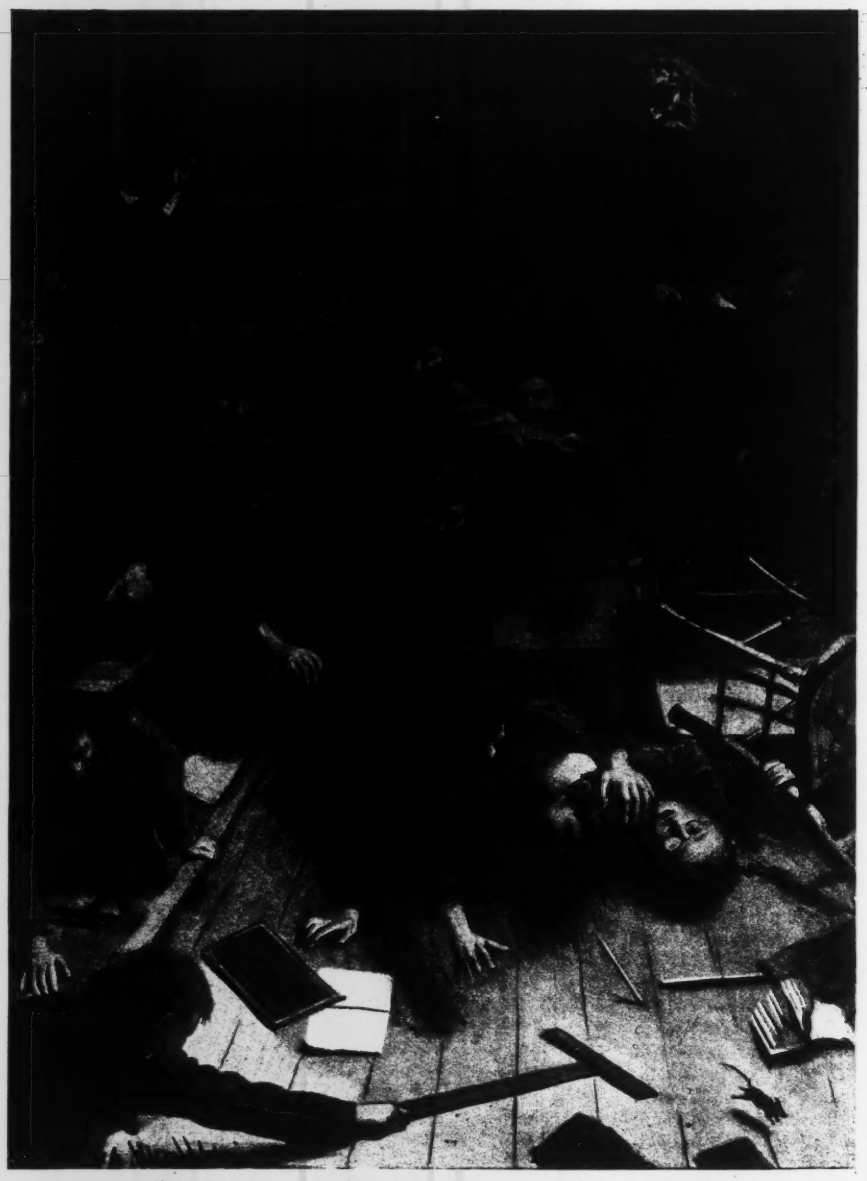
Still, whatever the ultimate effect may be of that despiritualisation of the universe which science is everywhere producing, it must be, and is, of the highest importance to possess a faithful record, such as Dr. Frazer presents, of phenomena which are now rapidly disappearing. In Africa, America and Australia, in India and China, in Central Europe, in Scotland and Ireland, civilisation is everywhere busily obliterating primitive customs, beliefs, and superstitions which are as invaluable to the student of the human mind as rudimentary organs are to the student of human anatomy. Whether Dr. Frazer's particular conclusions are correct or not is a point which no mere reviewer will be rash enough to decide, but about the importance of the facts which he has collected no intelligent man can be in doubt. As no one, whatever his opinion about Darwinism, can read "The Origin of Species" without feeling that he has learned much which thenceforth must largely affect his conceptions of nature, so no one can read Dr. Frazer's work without being conscious that he has been brought face to face with facts which must influence his judgment on the development of the human mind in its relation to the unseen. He becomes as one who has eaten of the tree of knowledge; his eyes are enlightened, and, whether for good or evil, he sees what he did not see before.

The central truths of religion are, indeed, little affected by the facts here collected. Neither "the first and great commandment" to love God, nor the second, which bids men love their neighbour, is found among them; nor is there any mention of a kingdom of heaven either present or to come; but on the other hand they do exhibit proof how largely much religious teaching, which claims direct divine sanction, is permeated with strictly human elements. Any one, for instance, who will turn to the fifteenth chapter of Leviticus and read the laws about "cleanness and uncleanness" which are there described as direct utterances of "the Lord," must have his faith in this special revelation at least shaken when he finds that almost identical "taboos" are everywhere prevalent, and that laws, for which Moses, Manu, and Zoroaster all claim inspiration, are equally recognised by the obscure tribe of Carrier Indians in North America. So, too, "when the Israelites marched forth to war they were bound by certain rules of ceremonial purity (Deut. xxiii. 9-14) identical with rules observed by Maoris and Australian black-fellows on the war-path (1.328)," while frequently, as Dr. Frazer forcibly puts it, "the resemblance between the earliest official utterances of the deity and the ideas of savages is unquestionably close and remarkable (3.231)."

On particular points the author may be in error. When, for instance, he identifies (3.128 *seq.*) Esther and Mordecai with the Babylonian deities Ishtar (Astarte) and Marduk (Merodach) he may fail to convince many minds. But the mass of evidence which he brings of belief in divine incarnations both animal and human, of the slaying and sacramental eating of such representatives of deity, of scapegoats bearing away sin and evil, or of the expulsion of devils, overpowers the mind by its cumulative weight, and forces on it, if not the conviction, at least the suspicion that some dogmas which theologians treat as divine truth are in reality merely the unconscious reproduction of superstitions or ideas deeply imbedded in the mind of primitive man. The ceremony, for example, of consuming corn or wine, a dough effigy, an animal, or a human victim wherein a divine spirit is supposed to dwell, is by no means uncommon, and "by thus eating the body of the god" the worshipper believes that "he shares in the god's attributes and powers (2.366)." The evidence on this point is striking, and it is also remarkable that this sacramental meal was often preceded by strict fasting or even the use of emetics "in order to vomit and purge their sinful bodies (2.330)" and "from fear of polluting the sacred food by contact with common

RABBI SAUNDERSON. FROM THE DRAWING BY A. S. BOYD.

"'Shall . . . not . . . the . . . Judge . . . of all the earth . . . do . . . right?' The two lamps went out together, and a great sigh rose from the people. At the back of the kirk a child wailed, and somewhere in the front a woman's voice—it was never proved to be Elspeth Macfadyen—said audibly, 'God have mercy upon us.' The Rabbi had sunk back into the seat and buried his face in his hands, and through the window over his head the moonlight was pouring into the church like unto the far-off radiance from the White Throne."
—*Rabbi Saunderson.* By Ian Maclaren. (Hodder and Stoughton.)



"NOTHING IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN TO CATCH A MOUSE."

One of Mr. Harold Copping's delightful illustrations for Ian Maclaren's "Boys' Stories" now appearing in the *Windsor Magazine*.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.)

food." Indeed, no one can read the section which deals with this topic without being reminded of doctrines which have at times been put forward about the mysterious efficacy of the Eucharist and the rigid necessity for preliminary fasting. The uneasiness, however, which such a consideration suggests may be readily dispelled. It is only needful to turn to the simple narrative in which Jesus Himself institutes for His disciples

"The dear memorial of their dying Lord"

in order to see that between what is there recorded and the superstitions of uncivilised tribes the analogy, if it exists, is most remote. But the priest who enjoins abstinence from food upon communicants and the theologian who talks of an *opus operatum* in the sacraments are closely and curiously in accord with many savages.

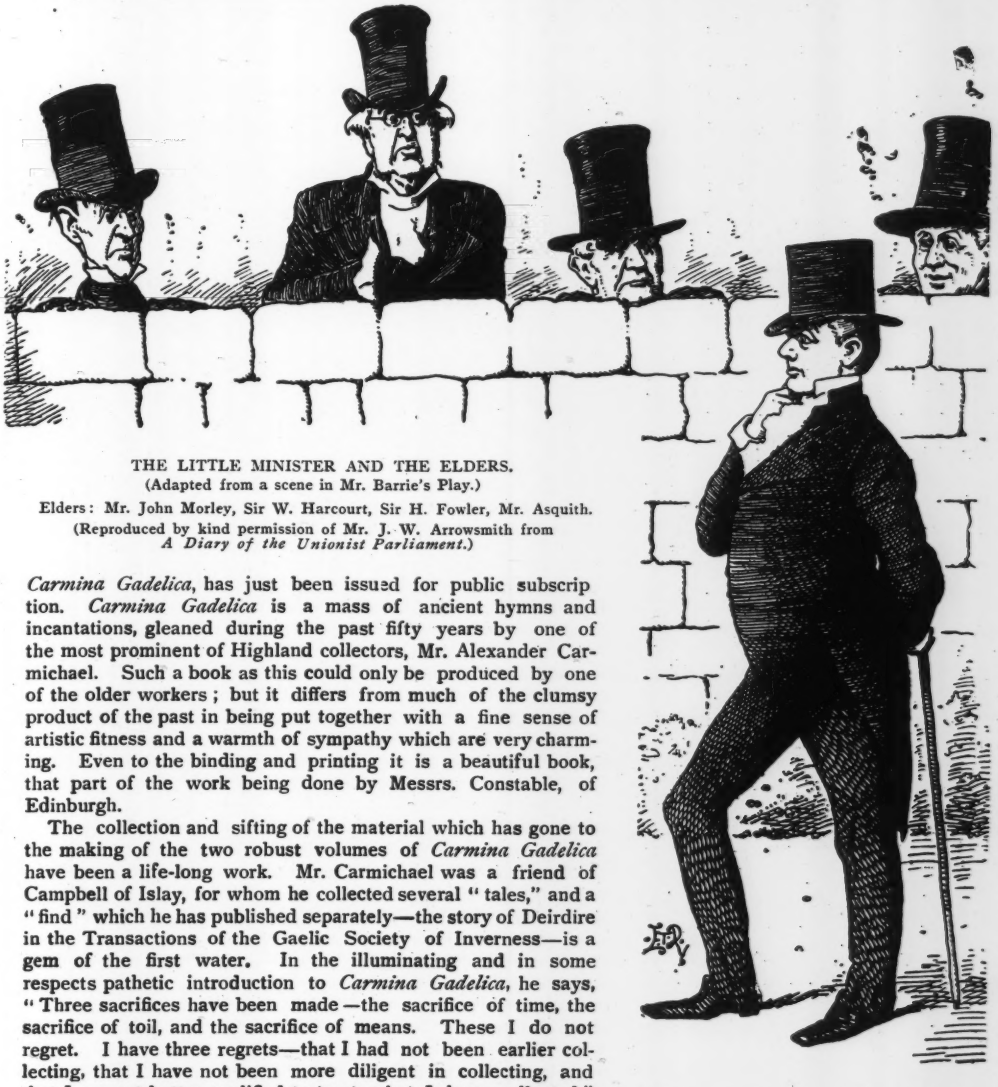
What the conclusions are which should be deduced from his work Dr. Frazer does not say. "In following one track home," he writes in a sort of epilogue to this edition, "we have had to pass by others which led, or seemed to lead, to far other goals than the sacred grove of Nemi," and he expresses a hope that "the writer and the reader may one day pursue some of these paths together." It is a hope which every one will echo, for while science is everywhere destroying superstition it is also gravely affecting the life of those religious truths around which superstition always seeks to entwine itself in a fatal union. Superstition, in fact, to use a metaphor which this work suggests, is like the ivy which clings round an oak, and must be perpetually cleared away if the tree is to put forth its vigour. If religion is to flourish all parasitic growths must be removed from around it. That is the task to which the best biblical critics of Germany—and in biblical criticism Germany holds the first place—are assiduously devoting themselves, and it is the task which Dr. Frazer's volumes indicate as imperatively necessary. That God is our Father and that it is the duty of His children to love even their enemies may seem simple thoughts, but they have some special qualities. They appear to many students to contain the gist of what Christ taught; they are unassailable by science; and they are not included among the dogmas or superstitions of primitive man. Possibly in them, rather than in Articles, Confessions, and Creeds, is to be found that true potency, that energetic sap which causes the tree of life to put forth, not indeed "the Golden Bough" of fable, but those leaves which "are for the healing of the nations."

T. E. PAGE.

A BOOK OF OLD HIGHLAND HYMNS.*

For the Gael, the use of a rekindling of national or communal feeling is to recall the forgetful to a sense of their heritage. Happily some need no such reminder, for from the first day they learned to act and dream they have realised that they belong to a high and worthy people. Those so gifted are the real workers, the leaders towards a social amelioration long desired, the gleaners in the dim, unreaped, winter-touched fields of our literature. In what is being done, youth, with its enthusiasms and extravagances, plays a small part; the sedate elder who has passed the stage of words and gestures is the man from whom we look for definite results. Especially is this so with regard to literature, for only those whose memories reach into a past that is but a faint and alluring image to the present generation are able to give us what is of real value. There still remains something for youth to do in the ingathering of song and story, perhaps in the revival of old customs; certainly in the arrangement and sorting out of what has been left to us in a crude and shapeless mass. But, despite the activities of old and young, the record of Highland life can never be completed; much of the material has died a secret in disappointed hearts, and now the break with the past is well nigh absolute. Indeed, probably the last great collection of old lore we shall see is that which, under the title of

* "Carmina Gadelica": Hymns and Incantations, with illustrative notes on words, rites, and customs, dying and obsolete; orally collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and translated into English, by Alexander Carmichael. Two volumes. Sold by Norman Macleod, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.



THE LITTLE MINISTER AND THE ELDERS.
(Adapted from a scene in Mr. Barrie's Play.)
Elders: Mr. John Morley, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir H. Fowler, Mr. Asquith.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith from *A Diary of the Unionist Parliament.*)

Carmina Gadelica, has just been issued for public subscription. *Carmina Gadelica* is a mass of ancient hymns and incantations, gleaned during the past fifty years by one of the most prominent of Highland collectors, Mr. Alexander Carmichael. Such a book as this could only be produced by one of the older workers; but it differs from much of the clumsy product of the past in being put together with a fine sense of artistic fitness and a warmth of sympathy which are very charming. Even to the binding and printing it is a beautiful book, that part of the work being done by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh.

The collection and sifting of the material which has gone to the making of the two robust volumes of *Carmina Gadelica* have been a life-long work. Mr. Carmichael was a friend of Campbell of Islay, for whom he collected several "tales," and a "find" which he has published separately—the story of Deirdire in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—is a gem of the first water. In the illuminating and in some respects pathetic introduction to *Carmina Gadelica*, he says, "Three sacrifices have been made—the sacrifice of time, the sacrifice of toil, and the sacrifice of means. These I do not regret. I have three regrets—that I had not been earlier collecting, that I have not been more diligent in collecting, and that I am not better qualified to treat what I have collected." These regrets are characteristic of the man's most modest and winning nature.

Sacred lore Mr. Carmichael found even more scarce and elusive than secular. Still, he has made a unique and memorable collection, one that shows "the profound feeling and adorable delicacy" of the Gael's religious feelings. Clearly, this was a people that prayed without ceasing. Religion, Pagan or Christian, or both combined, says Mr. Carmichael, permeated everything, blending and shading into one another like the iridescent colours of the rainbow. The people, in fact, were unable to see and careless to know where the secular began and the religious ended. Thus, we find in *Carmina Gadelica* a chant or hymn for every little action of the day, from the kindling of the fire to the smooring of it. The first thing in the book, indeed, is a touchingly beautiful "Rune before Prayer," regarding which Mr. Carmichael says that the people, while singing it, retired where they might not be seen or heard of men. "I have known," he adds, "men and women of eighty, ninety, and a hundred years of age continue the practice of their lives in going from one to two miles to the seashore to join their voices with the voicing of the waves and their praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea."

Happily, Mr. Carmichael has made his book available for English readers. His notes are in English, and opposite each hymn or incantation is a translation. Of this he says: "I have tried to translate literally yet satisfactorily, but I am painfully conscious of failure. Although in decay, these poems are in verse of a high order, with metre, rhythm, assonance and alliteration, and every quality to please the ear and instruct the mind. The translation lacks these, and the simple dignity, the charming grace, and the passionate devotion of the original." "Again and again," he says later, "I laid down my self-imposed task, feeling unable to render the intense power and supreme beauty of the original Gaelic into adequate English." Yet for a most engaging simplicity and elegance Mr. Carmichael's English would be difficult to surpass.

POLITICAL HISTORY MADE EASY.*

"Toby, M.P.," is a public benefactor: Mr. E. T. Reed is likewise. In this book these two have collaborated in producing a public benefaction.

You have only to look at the delightful sketches which we have been permitted to reproduce in this issue and to read the extracts which follow to admit that this assertion is more than proven.

There is as a rule no staler topic than stale politics. It is an inevitable result of modern stress that the events of yesterday are more antiquated than ancient history and of less present interest than those of the dim and distant past, for many years must pass before we are able to focus the past into clear, historical significance. Yet the history of the English Parliament of the last five years sums up a remarkable period, a period as historically important as any since the days of the Crimea, a period which has seen the exit and entrée of great men, which has witnessed momentous happenings, moulding the affairs of a generation, a period which has an undisputed claim to be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested as a historical epoch.

And Mr. Lucy has earned our gratitude and made easy the political history of this epoch, by allowing us to re-live it in the personalities of its most interesting figures. This is no collection of the dry bones of political controversy, and it is no mere reference book, although as such, it will prove invaluable. In it politics are studied through the politician; in it the man comes before the measure and understanding and appreciating the man, we grasp the history of the events with which he was connected. The Diary is written with that delightful humour which we have learnt to expect from "Toby, M.P.," but it must not be confounded with so-called comic histories. It is distinguished by a wide knowledge and appreciation of the humanity of the House, such a knowledge as is possessed by very few; it is raised far above the level of the ordinary political diary by a fairness and absence of prejudice and pique which is the true distinction of the true historian.

But no criticism or summary of the book would give such a good idea of its attractiveness and value as a few characteristic extracts from its pages.

* "A Diary of the Unionist Parliament, 1895-1900." By Henry W. Lucy. Illustrated by E. T. Reed. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

Could anything be happier, for instance, than the following thumbnail sketch of Mr. Caldwell:

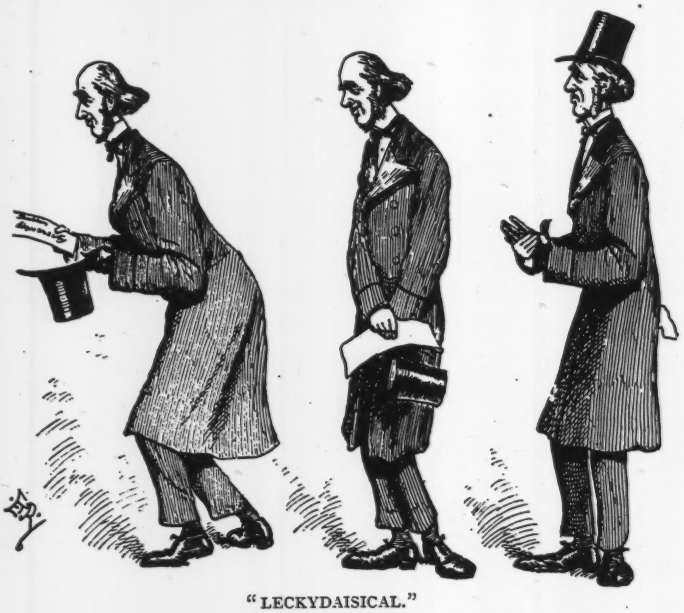
"It is a personal advantage of his fellowkind possessed by Mr. Caldwell, that he can, in any circumstances, go on talking, taking up dropped threads of his own or other people's discourse."

Or this summary of the famous South African Committee: "Members arriving after one o'clock this afternoon in the South Africa Committee room discovered Mr. Rhodes with his mouth full of ham-sandwich and reflections on Constitutional Government."

Or this description of Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett: "We see his long stride, his truculent eyeglass, his turbulently-waving coat-tails, from which too often protrudes a waste of pocket-handkerchief, crumpled and dun-coloured with despair at contemplation of a world in which its owner meets with scant recognition."

If you want to picture Lord Roberts speaking in the House of Lords, you have only to remember Mr. Lucy's delightful description of "Bobs," so instinct with the spirit of forward policy that when he commenced his speech, by rising from the cross bench, he finished it in the neighbourhood of the gangway by the Government bench, the result of marching and countermarching in the heat of his oratory, a result viewed with "some alarm by Lord Fortescue, whose legs were in imminent danger of being trodden on in the course of the manœuvre." And you can never hear of Lord Charles Beresford without remembering Mr. Lucy's picture of him: "As in easy attitude he leaned his elbow on the bulwarks and talked of those who are gone down to the sea in ships."

But we could fill pages with such quotations. We hope we have quoted enough to show that Mr. Lucy's book is a feast of good things which should find a permanent and prominent place in every library.



"LECKYDAISICAL."

(From a Drawing by E. T. Reed.)

He was still smiling, though with increased vagueness. A slight colour flushed the cheek grown pale with watching over the birth and tracing the growth of civilisation. Mr. Lecky, in the desperation of the moment, seized his hat, and for the first time in Parliamentary history the House beheld a teller walking up to the table carrying his hat. The situation was made the more striking by the circumstance that Mr. Lecky, holding the hat by the brim with both hands, pressed it to his heart, "looking," an irreverent member observed, "as if he were going to propose to the Speaker."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith from *A Diary of the Unionist Parliament.*)

THE COLUMN.*

The extent of our exasperation with his book may be the measure of Mr. Marriott's ability. Very likely. A thing of no account could not stir us to such active revolt as does this.

SIR MICAWBER HICKS-BEACH.

"Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six—result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six—result, misery."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith from *A Diary of the Unionist Parliament.*)

It is marvellously clever; quite needlessly clever. As an imitation of Meredith it is, of course, one of scores; though that he has caught the trick better than most a passage like this will serve to show:

"She suggested ample costume in expressive pantomime.

"Caspar writhed joyously, but invisibly. He followed Mrs. Bargister's mental windings unerringly; he tracked her into the innermost recesses of domesticity, unheeding the finger-posts of discretion.

"So I said, 'George, my dear, if it is only for her own sake, somebody should speak; you know the advantages men are always ready to take?'

"She nodded the familiar tragedy of melodrama."

This is probably reverent imitation, though there are passages in his description of the heroine Daphne which seem more like audacious caricature, and of the later Meredith, too, the Meredith of Aminta and Carinthia.

We freely own that Daphne and her story mean to Mr. Marriott something quite different from what they mean to us; but we don't admit the fault to be all our own. Looked at straightly, the tale seems to us something like this. An idealist living in Cornwall brings up his daughter on principles of "epic sanity." She walks and swims like a goddess, we hear; and really, on first acquaintance, she seems a rather nice girl, wholesomely stupid, and with a great dislike of "jaw." How she would have detested this biography of herself, by the way. The first young man that crosses her path she falls in love with, and her father, whose wisdom is lauded to the skies, gives her into his keeping without inquiry or anxiety. Basil, according to Mr. Marriott, is a disagreeable mixture of the full-blooded prig and the timid sensualist; but we cannot withhold some sympathy from a man mated to a goddess whose walk was like the march from "Alcestis," but who was curiously obstinate and unimpressionable, and who "belonged so emphatically" to her Cornish landscape that she refused to leave it to follow her husband to his duties in London. Basil is a "Settlement" young man; and Daphne is indolently contemptuous of efforts towards the elevation of the "masses." She sneers at "Settlement" work as "that disease." Goaded into defence of her attitude, she, too, becomes sententious, and says, "The evil we do is often the fruit of our noblest endeavour; the good the offspring of some casual vice." By herself she is quite incapable of such a sentence, and is, of course, quoting her father—quite in the way of the terrible Carinthia. Daphne's conduct, stolid, obstinate, ungracious, after marriage, may be according to the pattern of ancient Greece; and if so, we are glad ancient Greece is quite dead and unrevivable. "Epic sanity" does not stir us to admiration exhibited like this. A girl friend says of her home without a

* "The Column." By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)

feminine retreat: "It is like—oh, it is like a sea without a harbour."

"Yes?" said Daphne, with her indolent smile. "I don't need harbours."

"But, surely, sometimes—when you are tired, or have a headache—"

"I never have a headache," said Daphne, solemnly, "and when I'm tired I go to bed."

Well, in the end—we are not coherent, but neither is the story—since in marrying Basil she feels she has sinned against Nature and the Column (of which something presently), and the sea, she swims out to the deep, and, either because she is not quite so skilful as Aminta, or, for all her divine qualities, she is rather wanting in pluck to face life, she never comes back again. The ideal in Mr. Marriott's mind was very different, of course. If he were a poet he might have expressed all of her in a sonnet. But as he has written in an elaborate prose, which by moments is quite as reminiscent of Miss Corelli as of Mr. Meredith, he and his Daphne must take the consequences. Yet Mr. Marriott has undoubted humour. Mrs. Bargister supplies excellent comedy. Gertrude, with her sensuous religiosity, is admirably satirised; so is Basil playing the dilettante father. The mockery of "Settlements," if not quite fair, is scathingly effective. Sometimes we are startled by his aptness and force; as when the boy Johnnie, thinking of his very youthful friendship with Daphne, reflects, "It was as if one had foregathered with an angel unawares, and afterwards remembered with shame certain authoritative utterances on the subject of wing-feathers."

And what of the Column—the column Daphne's father brought from Greece and set up as a symbol of something on the Cornish coast? Well, the Column means, of course, more than we know. But we guess it to stand, among other things, for simplicity, for dignity. Oh, that Mr. Marriott would set it up in his back garden!

THE CARDINAL DUKE.*

Many years have run out since I heard a Roman Cardinal, who was then my master in Canon Law, expatiating on the victories of Austria over the Lutherans in the Thirty Years' War. "*Et debeilasset*," he cried vehemently,—"had it not been for the French and Richelieu, Austria would have won the day—the Reformation must have gone under." This was piquant, considering the critic and the criticised; nor was it wholly false. The great French Cardinal should find his portrait in the gallery of Protestant heroes, side by side with Gustavus Adolphus, whom he hired with Catholic money to fight at Lützen; and not too far from Henri IV., in whose policy of toleration he agreed, when it did not seem to weaken France. Richelieu is a figure equally welcome to historians, dramatists, and philosophers—striking, enigmatic, complex, and like some other celebrated Churchmen, more than a little scandalous to our doubtless correct yet austere notions. These present pages, by an American scholar, give us the man in sober drab, with an occasional touch of scarlet.

They are well written, clear, judicious, impartial, and leave a distinct remembrance of characters and events, which is strengthened by the excellent illustrations. Dr. Perkins, being an American, has his own canons of progress; he does not go deep into the problems of religion—indeed, he lets them alone as far as possible—but the view which he takes is that of popular enlightenment, somewhat after Macaulay's manner. I should not qualify his work as profound; it is pleasing, abounds in knowledge of the subject and the time, displays no rancour, and I believe may be trusted. The vivid dramatic form which its author does not attempt would probably have given us a truer Richelieu, taking us into his mind—he never had a heart—and stripping off the gorgeous robes in which he lived and intrigued. The Cardinal Duke remains, on the last of these pages, a man we know outwardly but have not pierced to the quick. He is, and I daresay will continue to be, a French Tiberius who waits for his Tacitus; so long as the writer tells us of things done and results accomplished we must be satisfied, and his book serves its purpose.

Richelieu broke the power of the feudal lords, took La Rochelle, disbanded the Huguenot forces, razed the chateaux of the Middle Age, beat the Austrians with the sword of Protestant champions, overthrew Spain in a stand-up fight, made Louis XIV. possible, and began to pave the way which led up to the French Revolution. He sat in the States-General of 1614; he created the centralized France which Napoleon took over and turned into a barrack. The man who could do all this had genius, certainly; but he also understood his countrymen as no one since appears to have done except Bonaparte, who was not French. The resemblance to Prince Bismarck is extraordinary. Both were patriots, hard as iron, without scruples or a troubled conscience; Louis XIII. and the Emperor William furnished each a cloak for his Minister to act as King under its folds; and history dates an Imperial France, a United Germany, from the victories at home and abroad which these Junkers achieved. Did Richelieu turn the nation into the wrong path at a decisive moment? Dr. Perkins allows that his realisation of a strong Monarchy gave France its army and navy, made it the leader of Europe, enriched it with Alsace, Franche Comté, Artois, and Lorraine; while his dealings with the Huguenots were justified by their restless pretensions and did not fail to create a permanent peace in the land. Let so much be granted.

But some considerations are worth adding. Richelieu never met his match in the King's Council, because the royal and noble persons of his day were mediocrities. Marie de' Medici and Anne of Austria survive as names interesting in Court romance, not as women fit to govern kingdoms; Louis XIII. was an imbecile, Gaston of Orleans a coward, and Cinq Mars an idiot. The wisest Frenchman of his age, Descartes, lived in exile. This Churchman, who was a soldier in a red cassock, but nothing of a general, and still less of a saint or philosopher, could not have grasped a single one of the ideas that were to create modern Europe. He established the Reformation, but on grounds which religious men would have despised. He withstood the Papacy that his rule at home might be absolute. He founded the French Academy, dreading an independent literature. He swept away the relics of the Middle Age, not because he was in love with progress, but from hatred of local freedom. An American author might, perhaps, have invited his readers to compare this shifty, cruel, narrow-minded, and wealth-amassing Cardinal with some of his native heroes—with Lincoln or Washington. His book would not have lost in value; and the public which needs guidance just now, when "glory" is waving all its banners, would have a good moral to take away. When Richelieu died, Pope Urban VIII. spoke his epitaph, "If there is a God, he will have to suffer; if not, he has chosen well." In modern language, "Here lies a man who lived immersed in phenomena, but who never caught a glimpse of the Ideal."

William Barry.

* "Richelieu, and the Growth of French Power." By James Breck Perkins, LL.D. 5s. (New York and London: G. Putnam's Sons.)

EBEN HOLDEN.*

The popularity which this book has won for itself in its own country is by no means entirely owing to its patriotic pages—to the scenes at Bull Run, to the glimpses of Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley, and its other "actual" features, which are all in the less able, the less distinguished portion of the story. What it best deserves to be remembered by is its tale of a boyhood spent in the woods among beasts and birds and kindly folks near the very heart of Nature. The after part, with its pictures of New York journalism, and its suggestion of prosperity and luxury, seems rather a poor outcome of the heroic simplicity, the poetic preparation in the Adirondack wilderness. Mr. Bachellor has no little confidence in the best he has to give, and introduces quite unnecessary circumstance to keep our interest. To admire Hope we do not need to learn she became a great singer and wore fine clothes. The romance of the lost son Nehemiah, with its incidents of madness, mystery, and commercial prosperity, leaves us merely incredulous, for he is not, like Jed, the poor poet, native to the story. But all the rest is delightful. The tales of the great storm and snow-drifts, of the warm hearts beating amid the terrible rigours of the climate, Eben's varied love of bird and beast and every forest thing, Eben himself, with his devotion, his humour, his marvellous fancy, keep us chained and charmed.

* "Eben Holden." A Tale of the North Country. By Irving Bachellor. 6s. (Unwin.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THAT SWEET ENEMY. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Constable.)

Mrs. Hinkson knows how to work her Irish material effectively. How to make Ireland seem the one background in all the world for high-spirited, romantic youth, how to link pride of birth to sensitive honour, how to idealise tradition and family legend, yet subordinate them to love, how to put a high value on beauty and breeding and wit, and show that in Ireland, at least, these can be mated with gentleness—she has learnt to do all these things excellently. This, we think, is the most vivacious of all her stories. Aunt Theodosia, with her ready tongue, her pride, her grand manner, and affectionate heart, stamps it with her own individuality; and at her bidding we follow with real interest the fortunes of her adopted children.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION. By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)

Here are two excellent stories, with the spirit of real life in them. They are, as the title of the book suggests, supplementary to each other, and neither should be missed. But while the first may leave some readers unconvinced on some points of the career of the heroine, the second must grip all of them with the sense of its reality, its commonplace, grotesque, and most bitter tragedy. "Superseded" is a little masterpiece. The vigour of the work and the knowledge of human nature it displays are altogether exceptional. The story of the little Miss Quincey, the poor abused little slave in a progressive educational establishment, is a poignant cry of pity and of warning, which haunts one all the more that it is told with some humour and in no lachrymose vein.

A RAINY JUNE AND DON GESUALDO. By Ouida. 2s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The first of the two stories in this book is a tremendous indictment of the English climate. It rained every day of that June when the Principe di San Zenone and his English wife were spending their honeymoon at Coombe Bysset, in Bedfordshire. He was divinely handsome, and he made love divinely. To have him alone among the roses was her dream. But the roses were wet. Everything was wet. Coombe Bysset had no resources beyond monotonous beauty and monotonous virtue. It had no conversation, no French novels, no gaiety—only tame love and plenty to eat. The prince did not like eating, and did not love tamely. And so this June honeymoon got on his nerves. With consequences. The whole drama is cleverly presented in a series of letters. The second story is a heroic and beautiful one. But perhaps the sacrifice of the priest taxes our credulity a little too much; and that Don Gesualdo's flock should have been so willing to think their saintly priest guilty of a foul crime is far more than we can believe. Some link or circumstance in the story is, we think, wanting.

THE ROYAL SISTERS. By Frank Mathew. 6s. (Long.)

Here is another of those quiet, restrained and forcible pictures of a long past time, which Mr. Mathew knows how to paint with such marked individuality and such complete absence of sensationalism. It is in every way equal to "Defender of the Faith" and "One Queen Triumphant," and in spite of its main subject—the study of the most unpopular figure in English history—appeals more strongly to our feelings. The characters of the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, are excellently contrasted. Perhaps Elizabeth is pourtrayed by a method which rather belongs to the dramatic art than to fiction. She "gives herself away" unnecessarily, exposes her policy and her temper as if in preparation for a final act omitted here. But her vivacity, her high-handedness, her unscrupulous manœuvring, her power over men's lives, while as yet her own life is in danger, are made a clear reality. Against our wills, however, Mary is the centre of the book for us. Nothing is palliated. She is the bitter, disappointed, unattractive woman whom we knew, capable of great cruelty, not at all magnanimous. But Mr. Mathew is yet justified in making her appear as a woman of a sensitive and an outraged heart, the heroine of a genuine tragedy. "'Long life for me!' says Elizabeth. 'I wish I could count on a thousand years, adding knowledge and exhibiting scenes of the world's drama, delightful whether solemn or ludicrous. If years deprive us of friends, they take enemies also.' 'Your heart will never pain you, Elizabeth,' the Queen said, looking round. 'I can control it,' the other replied." To those who know the writer's other work, it is almost needless to say that the book is marked by passages of exquisite beauty, beauty without glare, too austere and unobtrusive, perhaps, for popular fiction. Why does not Mr. Mathew try his powers in play-writing? The frugal, incisive style he has attained to has well prepared him for it.

THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY. By David Christie Murray. 6s. (Windus.)

The blot on Mr. Christie Murray's interesting and vigorous tale is the part that hypnotism plays. Hypnotism is a real power, but we are asked to believe too much of it here. Without any extraordinary struggle, or conquest of his will, we see a life-long drunkard throw off his vice at the bidding of another. The drunkenness is first made very prominent, then treated as a mere disease of the nerves, and made to vanish so suddenly that we feel it was given undue importance. The real story is quite independent of it. It concerns an ex-cheap-jack, turned preacher, with a tremendous power over crowds of simple people, and a profound belief in his work, who, to save a soul dear to him, commits a murder, and thinks he is thereby fulfilling God's purposes. He does not shirk the punishment nor resent it; and when in jail he writes an account of the whole thing, it is not to justify himself, but to assert humbly that he has divined the admirable and necessarily painful plan of God for man in this life and the next. It is a remarkable document that forces thought; and John Manger stands out a mad fanatic, but a strange and touching reality.

THE MONSTER, and Other Stories. By Stephen Crane. 6s. (Harper.)

We do not think the gifted young writer of "The Red Badge of Courage" would ever have sanctioned the republication of the stories in this volume—unhappy experiments, which now and then illustrate his methods, but never his power. A glance into his workshop after all the masterpieces have been removed is all that it gives. The strange aberration of taste that made him devote over a hundred pages to the tale of the horror inspired in a community by the presence of a creature whom an act of heroism had changed into a physically repulsive monster, should have been hidden away from public observation. The other stories, save perhaps the unfinished "Manacled," are laboriously trivial, unfortunate samples of a method that more than other demands inspiration to make it tolerable.

THE WASTREL. By Mary Angela Dickens. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Audrey is such a pleasant kind of idler, that if a villain had not come along and dispossessed him of his wife and his fortune, he would only have figured as an easy-going country squire of elegant tastes and agreeable manners; and the name of "wastrel" would never have been heard at all. But his want of vigour and of fussiness gave the villain unexampled opportunities, and so Miss Dickens is very hard on him, and makes him repent very seriously at the end, and promise to look after his money and his interest better in the future. But to our mind the improbable man who has once been rich and pampered, and when down on his luck can play a street piano for his bread without going under or giving way to drinking habits, shows considerable strength of character. Audrey, probable or not, is interesting, and so is his staunch, downright, energetic little friend Betty. But the villain is disappointing. We like to be tempted to fall in love with the villain—and to overcome the temptation, of course. But Kingsmead is too deliberate a schemer, too vulgarly ignoble to inspire any interest; and our only criticism of the book—apart from the one we have suggested arising from Miss Dickens's severity—is that the villain plays far too prominent a part. His machinations are needed for the story, but his dully criminal personality should have been kept in the background.

XUM

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A SACK OF SHAKINGS. By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (Pearson.)

It is seldom that fugitive papers contributed to newspapers make so good a show when collected for republication as do these. They are given a somewhat disparaging title, but we are inclined to rate them very high among Mr. Bullen's writings. In point of style he has never surpassed them, and his matter shows no sign of exhaustion. Sea customs, sea sights, sea characters, animal and human, first-hand observation of phenomena, shreds of romance in a hard life—he draws these out of a full and orderly memory, and presents them to us with more skill and attractiveness than in certain of his earlier books. Among the most interesting of the papers are those on "Shakespeare and the Sea," "Sea Superstitions"—but on what ground does he call the Finns prosaic?—and "The Way of the Ship," in which last he forces the merest landsman to be interested in seafaring technicalities.

SHIFTING SCENES. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Malet, G.C.B. 10s. 6d. (Murray.)

Sir Edward Malet has discovered a most ingenious way of writing an interesting record of his varied career. He invents a certain "Whiffles," a curious, impertinent, intelligent, and sneering imp, who interviews him, asks him embarrassing questions, snubs him, gets him into tight corners, wrings admissions from him, while now and then allowing him time to tell a good story or call up a stirring memory. The result is something much livelier than the ordinary book of reminiscences. Of course, an ambassador, even an ex-embassador, must be very prudent, very selective in his memoirs; and Sir Edward does not err here for the reader's entertainment. But his career has been so varied since, at the scandalous age of sixteen, he entered the diplomatic service, that, without betraying State secrets, he has a great deal to tell worth telling. In Washington, Paris, Peking, Constantinople, Rome, Cairo, and Berlin he was in the thick of things, and often during most stirring times. It is not of the gayer, social side of diplomacy we get so intimate a description, as of its difficulties, its hard work, its danger, which he experienced in full measure in Egypt and in Paris during the Commune. A series of admirably vivid, if partial, portraits of notable persons—intentionally partial, for Sir Edward only records his own personal observation—are perhaps the most interesting features of the book. Lord Brougham (his step-grandfather) as curmudgeon, Lord Lyons as the personification of public duty, and General Gordon as would-be duellist, determined to call out Nubar Pasha because he had slandered a C.B., eager to avenge the honour of all the C.B.'s, his own included, are amongst the most striking.

THE HIDDEN SERVANTS and Other Very Old Stories, told Over Again. By Francesca Alexander. 6s. net. (Nutt.)

With the reminder that this collection of stories in verse is by the writer of "The Story of Ida," and the statement that the book is full of the refined religious sentiment to be expected from her, and that it is a delightful specimen of the printer's art, we should like to spare it further notice. Indeed, the criticism we offer is directed not against Miss Alexander, but her friends and literary advisers, who, we are sure, have forced its publication. Besides being possessed of a wonderful spiritual personality, she is, we know, an excellent teller of simple tales to simple listeners, when face to face with them. Narrators often do themselves wrong when they take pen in hand, and this is a specially unfortunate case, for verse is an additional hindrance to such a story-teller. She has rightly aimed at simplicity; but simplicity, save as the expression of children and of primitive people, is a most difficult and delicate art. There is no art at all here, and as she has none of the vivid, pictorial, forcible style of the peasant narrator, the result is lamentable. Listening to Miss Alexander's plain prose tales of saints of high and humble degree, we should have been infinitely touched. Reading these, we are sorry for the tales' sake to see them stripped of their beauty by one who yet values their beauty so highly.

LIFE AND DEEDS OF EARL ROBERTS. By J. Maclaren Cobban. Complete in Four Volumes. Vol. I., 7s. 6d. net and 9s. net. (Jack.)

It is inevitable that a "Life" of Earl Roberts should to a great extent be a history of the British Empire as well as a biography. The man who has from his youth been one of our greatest Empire-builders, both by his strenuous action and his fine life-example, cannot be separated from the tale of his country's weal and woe; personality is merged in nationality, and the man is not only the man but the moulder of great events. Strictly speaking, this first volume of the "Life"—after a chapter relating to the career of General Sir Abraham Roberts, Earl Roberts' father—deals with the school-days of the hero, his first entrance into the Army, and his doings during the Indian Mutiny. But, while accomplishing this, Mr. Cobban has produced a book which comes as a notable epitome of Kaye and Malleson's more elaborate work on the Indian Mutiny. In graphic, virile style, interesting us by full and picturesque details, but careful not to repel us or weaken his work by unworthy trivialities, he gives us a clear picture of the young soldier, always and before everything a man of action, filled with an intense sense of duty and a passionate love of country. Incidentally, too, the author gives us much other biographical matter—of John Nicholson, Havelock, Lawrence, Outram, and others; and necessarily he gives us the scenes in which these men lived and fought. So that when the four volumes are complete we shall assuredly possess a valuable contribution to fifty years of the history of the British Empire. Now and again Mr. Cobban offends our literary taste; as, for instance, when he makes such comment as the following:—"Sydney Cotton . . . was wont to say that 'the machinery of war, like all other machinery, should be kept oiled and ready for use.' It would have been an excellent thing for the British home army in these latter days . ... if it had been the rule, or the practice, for commanding officers to be of the same mind as that admirable Indian Brigadier." This may be true, but it is not good style. And, perhaps, such expressions as "cussedness" and "burgled" are against the serious excellence of standard work. But Mr. Cobban, probably, like Carlyle, prefers to use the word he feels, without waiting for it to become English. And, in any case, his history of our great commander—great soldier and great gentleman—is a history to be recommended, for its soundness, force, and readableness.

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APRIL, 1901.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY 15TH TO MARCH 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BENSON, R.M., M.A., S.S.J.E.—The Way of Holiness, 5/- *Methuen*

BODY, GEORGE, D.D.—The Soul's Pilgrimage. Selected and Arranged by J. H. Burn, B.D. 2/6 ..... *Methuen*
[A wise and suggestive volume of devotional readings, from Dr. Body's unpublished writings.]

CREIGHTON, RIGHT HON. and RIGHT REV., D.D.—Counsels for Churchpeople. Selected and Arranged by J. H. Burn, B.D. 5/- ..... *Elliot Stock*
[A sound, bright, and helpful book. Such subjects as "The Church and Society," "The Church and Education," "Trifling with Conscience," and "Unwise Sympathy" are included, recalling, forcibly, the late Bishop's broad and charitable utterances.]

Evangelist's Wallet, The, and Christian Worker's Note-Book. Compiled by J. Ellis. 1/- ..... *Simpkin Marshall*
[Very useful to all who are engaged in Bible work. It contains suggestions for, and outlines of, sermons, temperance talks, addresses to children, and other kindred subjects.]

General Epistle of St. James, The. Explained by H. W. Fulford, M.A. 1/6 net ..... *Methuen*

HOARE, H. W.—The Evolution of the English Bible, with Portraits, etc., 10/6 net ..... *Murray*

LATHAM, REV. HENRY, M.A.—The Risen Master, 6/- ..... *Bell*

M'INTOSH, REV. HUGH, M.A.—Is Christ Infallible and the Bible True? 9/- ..... *T. & T. Clark*

MOULTON, RICHARD G., M.A.—A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible, 3/6 ..... *Isbister*

RULE, ROBERT.—The Place of the Psalms in Public Worship. *Maclehose*
[A sincere plea for a revised metrical version of the Psalms.]

SERGIEFF, FATHER JOHN.—Truths About God, the Church, the World, and the Human Soul. Translated from the Russian by E. E. Goulaeff. Assisted by Agnes L. Illingworth. 2/6 net ..... *Murray*
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TALBOT, BERTRAM.—Information Concerning the History and Growth of the Bible, 6d. net ..... *Elliot Stock*
[Gives in a concise, clear form a wealth of information, reliable, and constantly needed by Sunday School teachers, and all who wish to impart knowledge of the Bible.]

NEW EDITION.

MACKIE, REV. G. M., M.A.—Bible Manners and Customs, 6d. net *A. & C. Black*
[A cheap edition of Mr. Mackie's excellent manual, which is calculated to give so much reality to the scenes and incidents of the Bible. Climate, seasons, weather, trades, and daily life are treated of admirably.]

FICTION.

"A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR."—The Master-Sinner, 3/6 ..... *Long*

BACHELLER, IRVING.—Eben Holden, 3/6 ..... *Richards*

BACHELLER, IRVING.—Eben Holden ..... *Unwin*

BARING-GOULD, S.—The Frobishers, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

BOOTHBY, GUY.—My Indian Queen. Illustrated. 5/- *Ward, Lock*
[With visions of a pistol on one side, the Fleet (the prison, not the Navy) on the other, and his last fifty guineas on the dressing-table before him. That is the predicament in which we find Mr. Boothby's hero. A twisting position for a man of fashion of that or any other period. Then Lady Cicely's hand is refused him, and conferred upon another; then come a duel, imprisonment, a voyage to India, kisses from a dusky Queen, and treachery from the King. Men say "Egad," and even worse, in these pages. But all ends well, and, home again, rich and melancholy, our hero is met with glad news. Lady Cicely is not married; and when he looks round, there "stands Cicely herself, a little older perhaps," but charming as ever. That "perhaps" is good.]

BRAMSTON, M.—The Banner of St. George, 3/6 ..... *Duckworth*

CARR, M. E.—Love and Honour, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

CLARK-RUSSELL, W.—The Ship's Adventure, 6/- ..... *Constable*

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—As the Twig is Bent, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[George Bowman drove hard bargains, and was unscrupulous in money matters; but there were vulnerable spots in the armour of this callous Achilles. First he sang with a beautiful tenor voice; then he fell in love; then he wanted to be good. "Am I in a trance?" he murmured tremblingly, near the end of the book. "Has this blow deranged my brain? And is it the spirit of my Angela come to visit me?" "No spirit, George, but your own Angela in flesh and blood, your very own." This is the style. Perhaps we should be satisfied with retribution which brings a hard man to this pass.]

COBBAN, J. MACLAREN.—The Golden Tooth, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[Among the superstitious, it is held to be most unfortunate to drop a tooth; even among the sceptical it will be admitted to have drawbacks; but if you are a murderer, and you drop your tooth at the most inconvenient moment, and your dentist has a good memory, the result is no laughing matter. Men and women played up to their parts in this mysterious story, and called one another humiliating names; but there was no getting over that tooth; it was as stirring without a nerve as with one.]

CORVO, FREDERICK BARON.—In His Own Image, 6/- ..... *Lane*

CROKER, B. M.—A State Secret, and Other Stories, 3/6 ... *Methuen*
[A pleasant, varied collection of stories, certain to be popular; brief, light of touch, and wholesome in tone.]

DAWE, C.—The Emu's Head, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
[A tale of fortune, villany, and true love in the Australian goldfields, vivacious in style, and abounding in incident.]

GASSIOT, H. (MRS. A. BARTON).—Stories from Waverley for Children. 2nd Series.
[These stories are from the originals of Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Barton tells them extremely well.]

GLANVILLE, ERNEST.—Max Thornton. Illustrated. 6/- ... *Chatto*
["'Well, good-bye, my boy.'" That is the beginning of this long story. But saying "good-bye" to Max Thornton, and starting for the front and leaving him at home, had very little effect when Max had set his mind on being in the South African campaign. The only thing to be done was to follow somehow, and force his father to approve of the disobedience. Max manages this with the fullest amount of excitement and adventure allowed for by time and space.]

GOLDSWORTHY, ARNOLD.—The New Master. Illustrated. 3/6 *Pearson*
[What one needs, to become a successful schoolmaster, is a bad memory; that one's own early ruffianism may not rise and soften the heart. "The New Master" had a particularly good memory; and won with it more of tolerance than of respect. He began by breaking his eye-glass, he ended by breaking the rules—of speech. Summary dismissal ends an amusing book.]

GOSS, CHARLES FREDERIC.—The Redemption of David Corson, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

GRAHAM, JOHN W.—Harlaw of Sendle, 6/- ..... *Blackwood*

GRIFFITH, GEORGE.—A Honeymoon in Space. Illustrated. 6/- *Pearson*
[It was the good ship *Astronef*, which kidnapped Miss Lilla Zaidie Rennick and her *chaperone*, stopped a war, performed many other equally original feats, and finally provided accommodation for Lord and Lady Redgrave on their honeymoon. Breakfasts on the moon were quite commonplace affairs on this voyage, and Martian vessels were met with frequently. But on such a journey there is the chance of dropping into the sun, and that is the sort of thing which carries such a book as this through well at the finish.]

HARDY, J. D.—The Lesser Evil, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[A story with a laboriously worked out plot of the old-fashioned order—first wife not dead, second wife's high respectability threatened, blackmail, and all the other well-known complications. The familiar threads, pretty numerous here, are tangled and disentangled by a hand that knows its business.]

HATTON, B.—The Master Passion, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
[In spite of the sensational title, Miss Hatton's tale is a rather mild affair. Nothing more terrible is recorded than a child's tantrums. But as the child grows up rather boisterous, and has a love story, in which there is a little romance, it will serve to thrill school girls, and will do them no harm.]

HOUGH, E.—The Girl at the Halfway House, 4/- ..... *Heinemann*
[A good story. The girl at the halfway house meets with unusually heavy bereavements; but the usual compensation (book-compensation) is very well told. The period is that of the American Civil War, and the book holds the charm of the times. It is the first volume of Mr. Heinemann's "Dollar Library"; a hopeful specimen.]

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